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By HENRY WELLINGTON WACK

The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York

London



VICTOR HUGO

The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet

By

Henry Wellington Wack

With an Introduction by François Coppée

Praised above men be thou,
Whose laurel-laden brow,
Made for the morning, droops not in the night;
Praised and beloved, that none
Of all thy great things done
Flies higher than thy most equal spirit's flight;
Praised, that nor doubt nor hope could bend
Earth's loftiest head, found upright to the end.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Illustrated

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press

1905

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

Dedicated
to



Foreword

I HAD published a considerable number of Madame Drouet's letters to Victor Hugo, in London, when, through an eminent English scholar, I received an invitation from the editor of a leading Paris magazine and another from an editor in Berlin, to write for publication in French and German the story of my literary treasure-trove. The reviews of my first article on the subject indicated more than ordinary public interest in these impassioned love letters from a beautiful and altogether remarkable Frenchwoman to the greatest of French poets. It was also evident that a substantial interest actuated those of the critical press who expressed opinions upon the journal of François Hugo and the letters of Juliette Drouet, included in the discovery I had made during a casual ramble through the island of Guernsey.

Foreword

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Foreword	<p>When the second series of letters and a further section of the Hugo journal appeared, English and French reviewers alike were of the opinion that these stained and torn old manuscripts, dug up by the merest chance from the haunts of the exiled poet, are well worthy that literary record without which the conscientious student should never reveal an <i>affaire de cœur</i> concerning a great man. Of the many reviews these letters of Juliette Drouet have called forth, all save one approve the author's method of treating a subject regarded by the Anglo-Saxon mind as one of extreme delicacy, and have justified the publication of a <i>journal intime</i> and of letters which indifferent hands would probably have cast into the insatiate maw of a scrap-basket. One hostile note, emanating from the virtuous city of Glasgow, alone was heard denying literary warrant for preserving the manuscripts. According to the Glasgow standards of morality, Victor Hugo was an "old <i>roué</i>" who, not content with exciting human emo-</p>

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<p>tions through his poems, proceeded to gratify them in the manner of human life. The author was, therefore, denounced as a person who requires refrigeration by the method employed in preserving Australian mutton. If this critic deserves to be heeded, then the land of Burns may reasonably be charged with prudery.</p> <p>Hugo was a man of powerful sensations—physically as well as mentally. Subject to a flood of emotions born of the incidents, the desires, and the dreams of each day, he employed his great energy with marvellous versatility, unchecked impulse, and (sometimes) with an arrogance that provoked hostility. He applied his potentialities in a lavish way, often with a great show of that vanity we all possess in some degree ; he touched life at many points, from affairs of the heart and the senses to those produced by the political madness of the Second Empire. After all, life is but atomic agitation. Hugo's tremendous industry in all things</p>	Foreword

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Foreword	<p>reveals his principle of progress, which is that nothing in nature is inert. He undoubtedly believed that the man who did not move forward was, in fact, moving backward, for what ceases to develop through movement resolves itself into its constituent elements. Hugo pursued every opportunity for new work, new sensations, fresh emotion. He desired to absorb as much on life's eager forward way as his great nature craved. His range in all things, mental, physical, and spiritual, was so far beyond the ordinary that the gauge of average cannot be applied to him.</p> <p>Victor Hugo did not starve virtue nor feed vice so much as he vivified both in utter disregard of creeds and conventionalities. Mrs. Grundy had no dominion over his transcendental genius. The cavil of the moralist did not disturb him. Abnormal in all his parts and performances, who amongst us shall decry the beauty of his love for Juliette Drouet ?</p> <p>If we do not read amiss, Burns and Hugo resemble each other more nearly in their do-</p>

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<p>mestic irregularities than in their literary genius, though each is the greatest lyric poet of his nation. But we have yet to learn that Scotsmen think ill of Burns because of his <i>liaisons</i> with Jean Armour and others, any more than Frenchmen think ill of Hugo for his fifty years' intimacy with Juliette Drouet. On the contrary, their research into the minutest particulars of the life of their national poet has been tireless, while their adulation of his literary genius has led them to dignify with type a vast number of puerilities which the judgment of their author would surely condemn were he still among us to edit his own works.</p> <p>It is much to be feared that what are and what are not the highest morals between men and women will never be satisfactorily determined. Variations in climate and individual human temperament forbid such a supposition. The code of morals in every civilised nation, being adapted to the normal, is rebelled against by the best and by the worst of mankind.</p>	Foreword

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Foreword	<p>Genius is more abnormal than criminality, or we should have as many poets as we have burglars. In 1805, when France was straining her every nerve to invade England, there was a small party of Englishmen that insisted upon the deposition of the only English admiral able to avert such a disaster because, forsooth! of his irregular relations with Lady Hamilton. The incomparable master of naval strategy was, at a moment of grave national peril, to give place to a mediocre captain! Of course, common sense prevailed in that case, as it has prevailed in the continued esteem among lovers of noble thoughts beautifully expressed by Byron, Burns, Hugo, <i>et hoc genus omnes</i>. Not only this, there is always something deeply interesting in the weakness and failings of the strong and successful, and much that is helpful and inspiring has been, and will continue to be, learned from the study of them. The loves of Victor and Juliette are pathetic in their fervour and constancy, and deserve to be recorded on the same scroll</p>

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<p>with the attachment of Abelard to Heloise, Petrarch to Laura, Dante to Beatrice. For good or for evil—good, as I believe—the world has long known of the romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet. That it should now know of it more fully and accurately than ever before cannot be matter for regret.</p> <p>“And yet—and yet”—I hear a murmur from the ingle-nook, “we hae our doots i’ the Braes o’ sackdoudling Scawtland.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">H. W. W.</p> <p>PARIS : November, 1904.</p>	<p>Foreword</p>

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Introduction

By François Coppée

Introduction

I HAVE read with much pleasure what Mr. Henry Wellington Wack has written concerning Victor Hugo in exile. His story is enriched by authentic documents which throw light on certain opinions of the great poet, and give us besides many interesting details of his private life.

"No man is a hero to his valet," says the proverb, and to the general public, when their curiosity is aroused, a great man is no hero either. This curiosity, however, is, after all, quite legitimate, and Mr. Wack was, therefore, perfectly free to make known to us, together with other anecdotes relating to his love affairs, the fact that Victor Hugo had Madame Juliette Drouet as his intimate companion from the age of thirty years. He has done so with tact and good taste.

Will be is
Hero?

4	The Romance of
<p>Coppée on Hugo</p>	<p>As regards myself, since the author asks me to speak of Victor Hugo and to give some personal reminiscences of my relations with him, I must beg to be allowed to do so from a general point of view.</p> <p>As a matter of fact, I was never admitted into his intimate circle, and if I, by chance, discovered some little weaknesses, I ought to-day—as a Frenchman and a poet—to draw over them the cloak with which the sons of Noah covered the nudity of their father, under circumstances with which the Bible has made us sufficiently familiar.</p> <p>But I must repeat that although I passionately admired and loved with filial affection the greatest, the most wonderful of lyric poets, not only of France, but perhaps of all countries; although I had the happiness of earning his sympathetic approbation and the honour of obtaining his vote when I presented myself for election before the French Academy, I yet never entered sufficiently into his intimate circle to be able to give</p>

here, even should I wish it, anything but reminiscences of his personality at the different periods of our intercourse.

Although successive amnesties had thrown open the gates of Paris to political exiles who had been banished after the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, Victor Hugo, during the last years of the Empire, seemed to be definitely installed at Guernsey.

History, in judging this proscription severely, will certainly be right, but unfortunately the Second Empire is not alone in bearing such a stain. Without going back through the centuries, we have, even to-day, the spectacle of a poet, Paul Deroulède, exiled by the French Government. In spite of the patriotic and avenging poems with which he consoled his country after the reverses of 1870-71, in spite of the chivalrous nobility of his character, which is admired by every true Frenchman, Paul Deroulède is still at St. Sebastian, whilst Victor Hugo, three years after December 2nd, could have returned to

Exiled
Genius

6	The Romance of
Ultima Verba	<p>France. In this respect the Republic has nothing to cast at the Empire.</p> <p>If Victor Hugo remained in exile it was purely because he desired to do so. He wished this voluntary exile to be a living protestation against the government he hated. Who can forget the lines in which he asserts his determination? The verses from <i>Les Châtiments</i>, entitled <i>Ultima Verba</i>, are, in fact, among his best:</p> <p>“ Si l'on est plus que mille, eh bien, j'en suis! Si même Ils ne sont plus que cent, je brave encore Sylla; S'il en demeure dix, je serai le dixième; Et s'il n'en reste qu'un je serai celui-là! ”</p> <p>Towards the year 1864, when I commenced to associate with a few young literary men,—I had already published different poems here and there in the Reviews,—we, my young comrades and myself, often spoke of the great poet. Some of our number, whose means allowed it, had made the pilgrimage to Hauteville House, with the feelings and enthusiasm of a Mussulman on his way to Mecca.</p>

Unfortunately my lack of funds prevented me from making this pious pilgrimage. It was only during the year 1867 that I was at last able to take a modest third-class ticket to Brussels, where Victor Hugo was then staying for a few weeks. I made my appearance at the Place des Barricades — fit name for the home of a revolutionist — trembling with emotion.

The great poet, to whom I had sent my first volume of verse, *Le Reliquaire*, and who had thanked me in one of those four-lined lapidary eulogies peculiar to himself, treated with fatherly kindness and gave a place at his table to the young rhymester who came to pay him the tribute of his admiration.

I was at first somewhat astonished at his appearance. I saw no sign of the Victor Hugo made familiar by romantic pictures, by the busts of David d'Angers and the portraits of Devéria, in all of which he appears clean-shaven, his massive forehead surrounded by long and rebel locks. Nor was he then the

**Youth
and the
Master**

8	The Romance of
Hugo's Voice and Smile	<p>venerable patriarch whose physiognomy, with its white beard and close-cropped hair, has since become and still remains so well known and firmly fixed in popular favour. At this date his hair and beard were turning grey, pepper-and-salt as it is called, and his whole person was suggestive of strength. He spoke with a grave, well-modulated voice, rather slowly, as was his wont; and at certain moments there was an infinite sweetness, almost a caress, in his look, in his smile, in the manner of his expression.</p> <p>But truth to tell, these souvenirs are blurred by the mist of years, more especially so, because I felt such emotion in Victor Hugo's presence that I scarcely found leisure to examine him attentively. The feeling that was uppermost in my mind then was that I was conversing with a man whose peer I should probably never meet again in my lifetime.</p> <p>An old man to-day, I congratulate myself on this emotion in the presence of genius. Lamartine has been reproached with those</p>



The salon in Hugo's house, Place Royale (now Place des Vosges), Paris.

words of naïve arrogance which broke forth after the visit of a young man who had been presented to him: "I prophesy no good for that young man," he said; "he was not moved by my presence." Victor Hugo could certainly not have said the same of me, for he could have found no one whose heart, in his presence, beat more violently than the heart of the youthful admirer of his fame that I then was.

I left Brussels delirious. I had been received by the great poet! I had brought back with me one of his books in which he was good enough to write a few words with his characteristically powerful signature.

I was not to see Victor Hugo again until the terrible year of the siege of Paris, when he came back to France to share the sufferings of his compatriots. He took furnished apartments whose windows looked on the Place du Théâtre Français. I had the honour of dining with him there several times. I had taken my first step on the ladder of Fame by

The Siege
of Paris

10	The Romance of
Gautier and de Banville	<p>my little play, <i>Le Passant</i>; my first collection of poems, <i>Les Intimités</i> and <i>Les Poèmes Modernes</i>, had made my name known. It had fallen to my lot to win a modest spray of laurels. I sat once more, therefore, at Victor Hugo's table in the company of two other poets, whom I greatly admired and who had been very good to me, Théophile Gautier and Théodore de Banville.</p> <p>At these repasts of Victor Hugo during the siege (which had nothing gastronomic about them, as can well be imagined, for we were making our first deceptive experiments in "hippophagie," and potatoes were then very scarce and considered a great luxury), there were not only poets present; there were also political men, whom Victor Hugo treated with the greatest consideration. But I remember very well how he endeavoured as often as possible to bring the conversation round to literary subjects, and with what pleasure he provoked Gautier's calm and polished conversation and de Banville's dazzling wit.</p>



*Agnes Boulton 1885
dupr. 2425
G. H. Boulton 1885*

Victor Hugo. Caricature by Isabey (1840).

It was for Gautier's charming daughter that Hugo, who loved a joke, wrote at this time the quatrain in which he makes allusion to the horse-flesh which was then almost the only food of the Parisian.

**Pegasus
on Toast**

“ Si vous étiez venue, ô beauté que j'admire,
Je vous aurais offert un festin sans rival :
J'aurais tué Pegase et je l'aurais fait cuire
Afin de vous donner une aile de cheval ! ”

Here I may record one of his conversations which I must confess struck me as rather comical. One evening as he was protesting against the horrors of war, he suddenly expressed an idea that was certainly very strange. He would, he said, address a challenge to the King of Prussia, whose armies then besieged Paris.

“ We are both old,” he said. “ He is a powerful sovereign and it is agreed that I am a great poet. We are therefore equal. Why should we not decide the quarrel which divides our two nations by single combat and spare so many lives ? ”

The Poet's
Paris
Domes

It was magnificent, if you like, but hardly practical. The dispute, however, was not referred to the judgment of God as in the Middle Ages, and every one knows how the abominable blockade ended.

From this time I was in constant intercourse with Victor Hugo. I saw him at each of the different places he occupied in Paris. He was at first installed for a short time in a little flat in the Rue Pigalle, where I had the rare privilege of passing a whole evening *en tête à tête* with him and Madame Juliette Drouet, who was no longer the beautiful Juliette once so admired by the public of the Théâtre Porte Saint Martin in *Lucrèce Borgia* and *Marie Tudor*, but was transformed into a silent and eminently respectable old lady.

Victor Hugo all to myself! What good fortune! We spoke only of poetry, and I remember he seemed a little surprised as I recited to him many of his poems that I knew by heart.

From here he removed to the Rue de

Clichy. I often met there the poets of my generation, whom he delighted to gather round his table.

Never to be forgotten were those evenings when we were lucky enough to find neither minister, senator, nor deputy,—for in the presence of political men Victor Hugo always seemed to me somewhat stiff,—when he warmed to his subject, let himself go, as it were, and his conversation took a natural turn full of charm. He recounted to us the literary battles of the Romantic Movement, for example, the first night of *Hernani*, and a thousand other memorable incidents of that period of the nineteenth century, which will certainly remain among the most glorious of our literary history.

How he would then have astonished those who had represented him as being exceedingly solemn, in fact, a *poseur*! If they had seen him so it was doubtless due to themselves. Perhaps to the bumptious and self-opinionated he gave himself the air of an oracle, but with

The
Romantic
Movement

**Hugo's
Appetite**

poets, I repeat, he was ease and simplicity, I might even say familiarity, itself.

At these dinners we were greatly impressed by his formidable appetite. He ate enormous pieces of roast meat and drank large glasses of undiluted wine. A typical detail struck me particularly. At the end of the meal he dipped orange quarters into his wine and ate them with marked satisfaction. Everything about Victor Hugo was extraordinary, even his digestion.

In the course of the evening a great number of people came to pay homage to the poet. He received each one with a kindly word, but to ladies especially he was exquisitely gracious and courteous. His manners savoured of the inimitable old-world courtesy, now, alas! unknown of the nobles of these days.

He left the Rue de Clichy for the little Hôtel of the Avenue d'Eylau, which now bears his name and where he died. Here, again, I was often his guest.

It was here that he received the visit of an



Don César de Bazan. From the painting by Roybet.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	15
<p>emperor, under the following circumstances: Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was, as everyone knows, greatly interested in literature and science. He was a devout attendant at the sittings of the French Academy and Institute, and affected the society of literary men and scientists.</p> <p>It was but natural, therefore, that he should desire to see Victor Hugo. He made known his request, but Victor Hugo, embarrassed, as may well be imagined, by his extravagant republicanism, replied: "I do not visit emperors." Nothing daunted, Dom Pedro replied: "Let not this be an obstacle to our meeting. M. Victor Hugo has the advantage over me of age and superior genius. I, therefore, will visit him."</p> <p>The poet was touched. He inquired if the Emperor would consent to dine with him, which invitation was immediately accepted. In presenting his two grandchildren, Georges and Jeanne, for whom his affection is well known, he said: "My children, here is an</p>	<p>Dom Pedro</p>

**An
Emperor
as Guest**

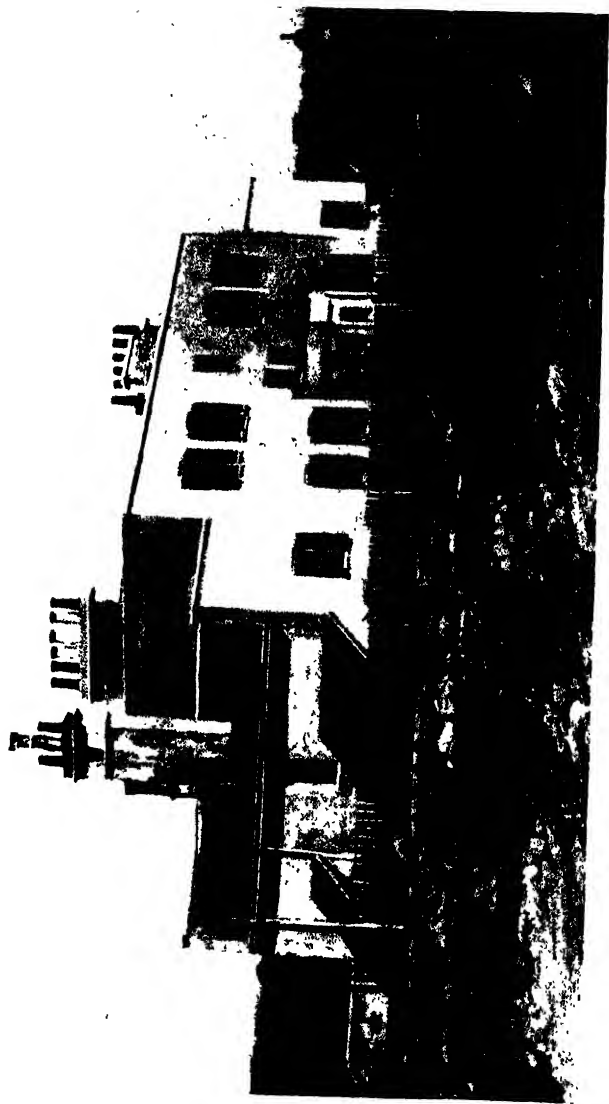
emperor, but an emperor who stands almost unique; an emperor who has abolished slavery, an emperor who visits an old republican, etc., . . .” The remainder can be easily imagined.

Dom Pedro smiled and kissed the two children, and during the evening showed himself full of simplicity and graciousness. He had brought with him the last volume published by his host, and begged Victor Hugo to write an inscription in it.

But here a new difficulty presented itself. What formula would the inflexible old revolutionary use? He extricated himself cleverly from the difficulty by giving the Emperor a magnificent and high-sounding title that would not have been misplaced in the declamations of *Hernani* or *Ruy Blas*.

He wrote: “To Dom Pedro d’Alcantara.”

Apropos of dedication, I remember hearing the Duc d’Aumale, member of various classes of the Institute, tell how, having sent his *History of the Prince of Condé* to Victor



“ Built Methodism.” The house on Marine Terrace, Jersey, where Hugo lived three years.

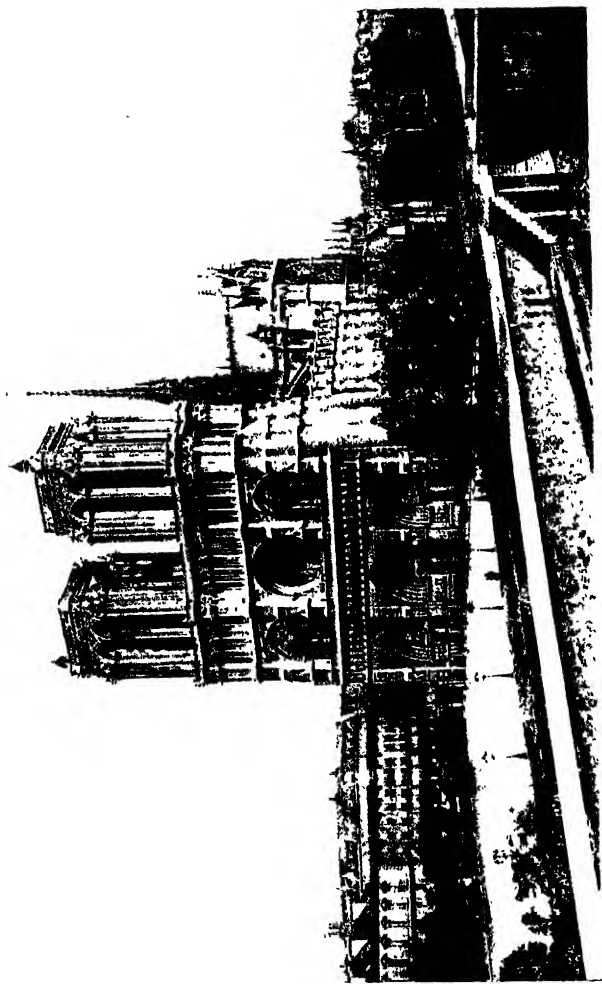
Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	17
<p>Hugo, he received from him a letter of thanks and congratulations. Here, again, the poet had cleverly avoided employing the formal title of Monseigneur or Altesse Royale. The Duc d'Aumale smilingly admired the formula adopted by Victor Hugo: "<i>Cher et royal confrère.</i>"</p> <p>I have said that this great poet in his conversations with literary men was most simple. However, almost imperceptibly, at times, his voice swelled and he became solemnly prophetic. At certain moments during dinner, for example, it seemed as if Victor Hugo could not resist touching upon some grave question, especially that of the immortality of the soul, for he was a great spiritualist.</p> <p>One day, or rather one evening, Schoelcher, his old friend, who did not believe in a future life, expressed this opinion rather forcibly. Victor Hugo was not slow to retort: "You are right, Schoelcher," he said; "every one is not immortal. One day, Dante, having written two verses on a sheet of paper, went out</p>	<p>Duc d'Aumale</p>

Immortality

for a little walk. Then the first verse said to the second: 'It is very nice to be a verse of Dante, for we are immortal.' The second verse in return replied: 'It is not at all sure; do you really believe we are both immortal?' Whereupon Dante returned, re-read his two verses, found the second worthless, and erased it."

Thus we see Victor Hugo was not only a great poet, but a man of infinite wit.

Although his friends often begged him to read them verses he had just composed, he rarely acceded to their request. Once, however, he spoke to us of a poem on the treason of Bazaine which was not in the *Année Terrible* recently published. We scarcely dared to hope that he would read it to us, but we insisted, and he did. He recited admirably, rather slowly perhaps, but in a deep, grave voice, in accents that stirred the depths of the soul and touched the deepest chords of feeling. And as we expressed our astonishment that he had not placed the lovely poem



The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris.

among those that dealt with the terrible days of the war of '70 and of the Commune, which constituted the *Année Terrible*, he gave us the reason. It was this: that the book having appeared before the judgment of the council of war which condemned the Marshal, he did not wish that the verses, which were very severe on Bazaine, should influence the judges in any way.

This poem has appeared since in the *Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*, if I am not mistaken. But it is not, I believe, useless to cite this trait, which does honour to Victor Hugo. The man in question was his political enemy, and his generosity was all the more meritorious, as it conquered the most savage of passions.

My remembrances of Victor Hugo are so abundant that if I allowed myself full rein I should write a book instead of a short article; I must limit myself, therefore, to-day. However, after having read the unique articles of Mr. Wack, who shows us, above all, the exile,

Verses on
Bazaine

20	The Romance of
Hugo's Satire	<p>I would express an opinion which has long taken root in my mind.</p> <p>Certainly the Second Empire ought not to have proscribed Victor Hugo. But I consider, and I believe I may affirm it without being accused of paradox, that it rendered him a great service.</p> <p>To begin with, it was that exile which inspired <i>Les Châtiments</i>, a very exaggerated and unjust book, without doubt, but which, however, gave to France an inimitable masterpiece in the satirical style. Moreover, I am convinced that Victor Hugo's genius during those years of solitude, of meditation, and inward existence in the isles of the Norman archipelago, took a new and wider flight.</p> <p>In what country, in what language, has a poet ever sung of the sea with such power, truth, and picturesqueness as the poems of Victor Hugo portray? Not a detail escapes him; he depicts its every aspect, paints its every colour, murmurs its every song. The very rhythm of the sea has passed into his</p>

verse, for he lived in such close communion with the ocean at Guernsey, he so absorbed its grandeur, that his works became as another ocean.

Marjorie Coppen

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet

I

Eriles of the Second Empire

THE rigours of an early English spring being as agreeable to me as fog and rain and foul days can ever be to a lover of sun and crisp, keen air, I directed my way, in March, from London to Guernsey, one of those tiny rock-reefed islands which are strung like a necklet of pearls in the English Channel.

I had already a fair acquaintance with Guernsey, so far as that can be acquired by aid of map, printed page, and uttered word. What student of France's greatest lyric poet has not? But no thought of Hugo influenced me in determining upon a trip to Guernsey. I was weary of the gloom, the depressing slough of the Empire English City, its interminable toil and groan. I pined for the

**Guernsey
Shies**

**Quaint
Folk**

brightest sun-spot off the coast, its quaint Guernsey folk, its Norman *patois*, its quiet isolation from the civic strife of men.

These conditions are the magnets which attract most of the English people who visit the island. Nor are these all of Guernsey's charms—as witness Mr. George R. Sims, the genial poet-dramatist, journalist, *raconteur*, whom it has been my privilege to enjoy at the entertaining Saturday Nights of the Savage Club. “With Guernsey I instantly fell in love,” says Mr. Sims. “If ever I can get away from the toil and moil of Babylon, I shall go and settle at Guernsey—not merely to escape income-tax and King's taxes, and to smoke penny Havanas and drink penny glasses of brandy, and to live under Home Rule, and do without receipt stamps, and to snap my fingers at Somerset House, but because it is such a delightful climate, such a gloriously beautiful and romantic little island, because everybody is so jolly and so comfortable there.”



A bas-relief of Hugo, by Professor Michel.

The little green, rugged gem of earth upon which "Dagonet" wrote so eloquently, is only nine miles long and nowhere exceeds five miles in breadth. Its form is nearly triangular, being somewhat similar to Sicily. It lies off the coast of Normandy, and, considered geographically, is undoubtedly a French island; but with the other Channel Islands it has belonged to England practically without a break since the year 1066, France having made two or three abortive attempts to regain possession of it. Yet to this day the peasantry—who supply England with the finest early potatoes that ever palate relished—speak a corrupted dialect of old Norman-French, quaintly intermixed — as in Lower Canada — with perverted English words. At St. Peter Port, Guernsey, as in all the other towns of the Channel Islands, English is generally spoken; and where it is not habitually spoken, it is, at least, tolerably well understood.

Guernsey is in communication with three points on the English coast, being seventy-

**Norman
Dialects**

**A Realm
in
Miniature**

five miles from Weymouth, ninety-two miles from Plymouth, and one hundred and thirteen miles south-west by south from Southampton. I chose the latter route, and after a fearful night of rough seas and heavy winds, found myself exploring this pretty little garden island—the smallest political state which I have met with in my travels.

But dominating the delights of a fine, equable climate, a grand seascape, and an abundant flora, Guernsey possesses for the literary enthusiast a more absorbing interest in the fact that it was the chosen home of Victor Hugo during fifteen years of his exile—from 1855 to 1870.

Those who are familiar with the life of Hugo will recall how strenuously the poet resisted Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* which transformed its author from President of the French Republic into Emperor. The *coup* was sudden, and preparations for the suppression of opposition to it had been carefully planned and all precautions taken. Hugo's efforts,



The poet and a group of Guernsey children in the garden of Hauteville House.

and those of the small band of consistent Republicans associated with him to organise any effectual resistance, were from the first hopelessly futile; and after frantic exertions and rapid flitting from one place of temporary security to another he was constrained to leave his beloved France. Disguised as a workman and armed with a forged passport, the poet made his way to Brussels, his flight being aided by his friend Madame Drouet, concerning whom there is presently more to be said. Hugo arrived in Brussels on the 14th of the month, one of a crowd of refugees. They were not all Republicans; a number were Royalists, faithful to the old *régime*, but they were all equally opposed to the usurpation of Louis Napoleon. Included among them were several distinguished men, though not another whose natural parts could be compared with those of Victor Hugo. And—what is rare among men of genius—the great poet's energy was equal to his ability, which is saying much. On the very

Refugees

**Napoleon
the Little**

day of his arrival in Brussels, Hugo sat down to write his *History of a Crime*. This amalgam of satire and invective was completed in May, 1852. But strongly condemnatory as it is of the chief actor in the events which had recently convulsed France, it was not sufficiently intense to satisfy its writer, who laid it aside and began another work, *Napoleon the Little*, the most crushing, most impassioned indictment ever penned against any man. So withering was the scorn shot at the head of the self-created Emperor that the friendly relations of France and Belgium were endangered. Tight little Belgium, being in neither condition nor mood to provoke a conflict with her larger neighbour, politely intimated to Hugo that his continued presence was not desirable, though it was necessary for the Belgians first to make a special law to meet the case.

Hugo's association with the Channel Islands was now to begin. On August 5, 1852, Hugo and his two sons arrived in Jersey and took



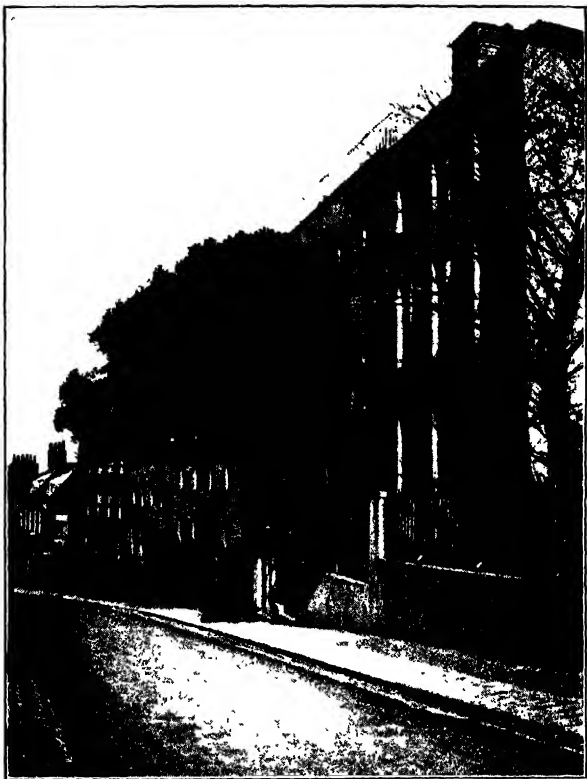
Hauteville House, Guernsey. From the garden.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	31
<p>up their residence at No. 3, Marine Terrace, on a hill overlooking St. Helier, the chief town of the island. This refuge looks to-day more like a conventional boarding-house than the retreat of the master poet of his time. Hugo never really liked the house, nor the island folk around it, for he afterwards described it as a "piece of built methodism."</p> <p>The small colony of political exiles which had fluttered out of Paris after the <i>coup d'état</i> of Louis Napoleon and his sham Republic, reunited its scattered talents at this new home of the great French poet. Regrets and uncertainties were gradually succeeded by the more or less settled condition of temporary resignation and social reunion. In all the movements of the exiled group, No. 3, Marine Terrace, seemed a rallying-point for their exchange of opinion, for discussion of the daily events in France from which, for the time being, nearly fourscore of the leading legislators of the Republic had been banished. Here their theories crystallised into plans,</p>	<p>Marine Terrace</p>

In Jersey

their hope into such action as they dared to undertake.

In Jersey the poet remained for nearly four years, wielding his pen indefatigably, for the most part in denunciation of Louis Napoleon. So great was his hatred of the Emperor that he allowed his vindictiveness to outrun his discretion. In 1855 visits were exchanged between Queen Victoria and the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Hugo and his fellow exiles, who perceived in this recognition of the Emperor by the British Sovereign a great aid to the consolidation of his power, waxed furious, and in a newspaper that they had established in Jersey, entitled *L'Homme*, fell foul of Queen Victoria. In its columns appeared a letter addressed to the Queen by three French exiles, then resident in London, inquiring her Majesty's object in going to Paris, and asserting that in doing so she "had sacrificed everything—her dignity as a queen, her scruples as a woman, her pride as an aristocrat, her feelings as an Englishwoman, her



Hauteville House, Guernsey. From the street.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	33
<p>rank, her race, her sex, everything, even to her shame. . . even to her honour." This was not merely nonsense: it was in the highest degree impolitic, for the people of Jersey are loyal. They attacked the publication office of <i>L'Homme</i> and demolished its plant, whereupon the Governor ordered the editorial staff of that paper to quit the island. Hugo left Jersey for Guernsey, and landed at St. Peter Port on October 31, 1855.</p>	<p>Expelled from Jersey</p>

II

The Poet's Home with Guernsey Folk

Hauteville
House

THE settlement of the poet in Guernsey marks the beginning of an era of great mental activity, fortunately more literary than political. The impression one receives when first looking upon the plain black front of Hauteville House, where Hugo took up his abode, is that the poet was not greatly more fortunate in his choice of a residence in Guernsey than he had been in Jersey ; but closer acquaintance with the place proves that impression to be fallacious. Certainly the exterior conveys no adequate idea either of the extent or of the beauty of the interior. It is situated about midway between St. Peter Port and the Haute Ville, and bears that aspect of substantial — if gloomy — comfort

which distinguishes so many Georgian mansions in English provincial towns. With regard to its interior beauty—and it is beautiful—that is due to its quaint furnishing, every item of which testifies to the artistic taste and craftsmanship of the genius who for so many years inhabited it, and who must have expected to end his days within its walls.

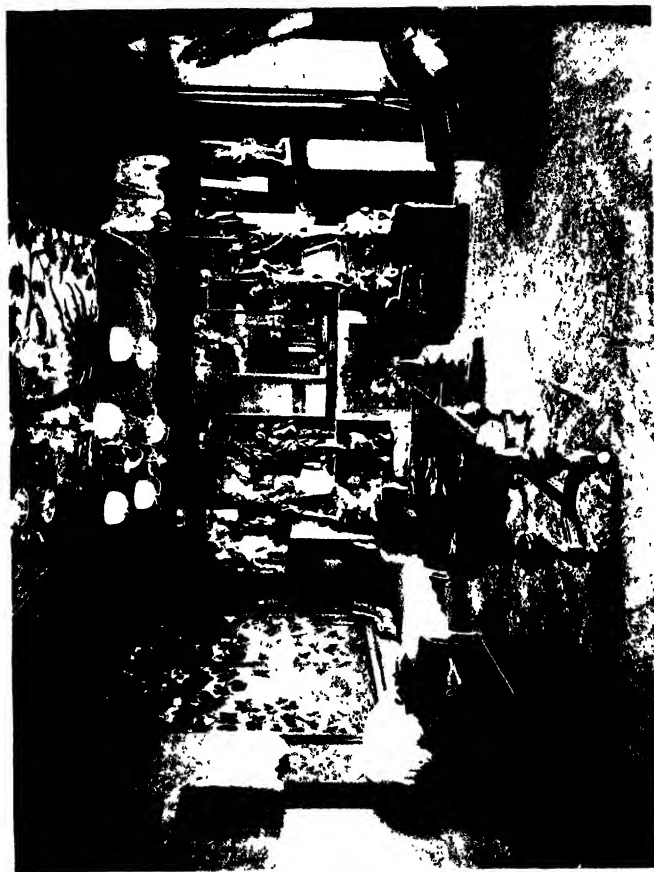
When, in 1870, the empire of which Louis Napoleon was the head and front fell like a house of cards in a gale, and the victorious Germans caged him and marched, almost unchecked, on Paris, Hugo left Guernsey to resuscitate, so far as he could with pen and speech, his bleeding and ruined country. He retained possession of Hauteville House ; but thereafter it ceased to be his home, and became a seaside resort, to be visited only in summer by the poet's family and their friends. After Hugo's death, in 1885, it became the property of his grandchildren, its present owners, who very wisely maintain it just as it was in Hugo's day. The furniture, quaint carvings,

**Hugo's
Return to
France**

**H. Hugo
Shrine**

grotesque drawings by the poet himself, are all there, and may be seen by visitors who express a wish to inspect them. It is a Hugo museum, a Hugo shrine, and is to Frenchmen all that Abbotsford is to Scotsmen, with, for some, an additional political interest.

On entering the house the visitor is confronted by two bronze medallions, representing the poet and his daughter. In the dining-room are some Delft or glazed earthenware panels, and near the mantelpiece is a little porcelain saltcellar made by a pupil of Michael Angelo, valued at fifteen thousand francs. There is only one other specimen, and that belongs to M. de Rothschild. At the entrance to the billiard-room, on the right, is a picture of the coronation of Inez de Castro after her death. The walls and ceiling of the reception-room are hung with Gobelin tapestry, one representing a party of falconers, with Louis XIV. and Madame de Pompadour on horseback. The furniture is very fine. The mantelpiece of the red drawing-room is adorned with a

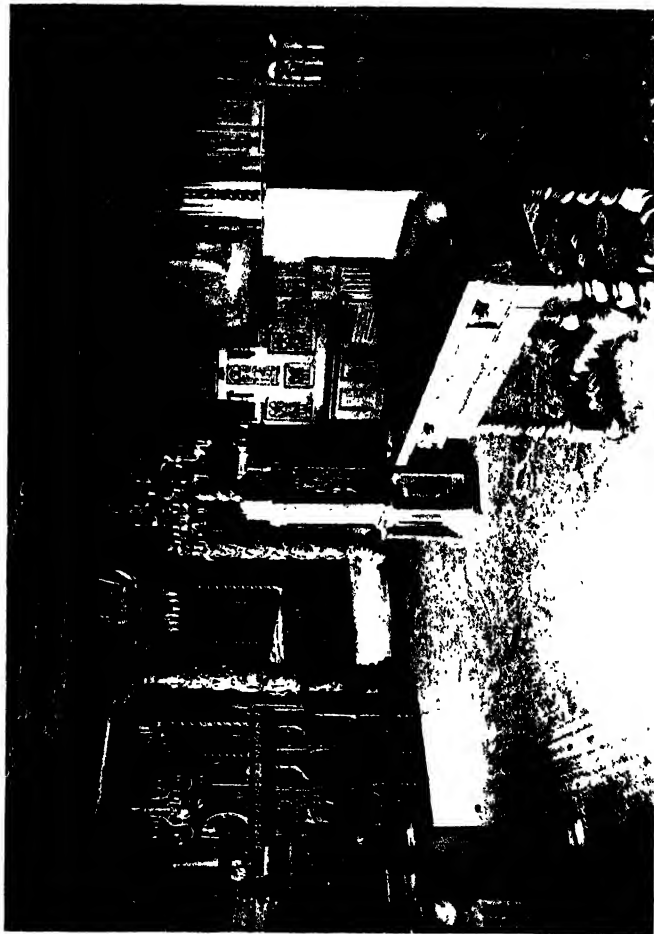


The drawing-room, Hauteville House.

knight's belt made of silver with gold thread, and inlaid with precious stones. There are four gilt statues from the Palace of the Doges at Venice, and a curious Spanish brazier. In the middle of the room is a table inlaid with ivory, formerly belonging to Charles II. of England. In the blue drawing-room the mantelpiece is ornamented with four little columns, carved and gilt, from the bed of Francis I. In this room is a table, inlaid with ivory, once in the possession of a king of France; an armchair, once the property of a French peer, with armorial bearings embroidered on amber satin, and some vases of Chinese porcelain of inestimable value. There is some tapestry of white material with gold thread formerly belonging to Queen Christine of Sweden. In a room on the second floor is an ivory cupboard of great value. Near the mantelpiece are panels with very ancient Mexican carvings. The chandelier is of carved oak, from a design by Victor Hugo. There is also a table of carved oak, which once

**The
Master's
Study**

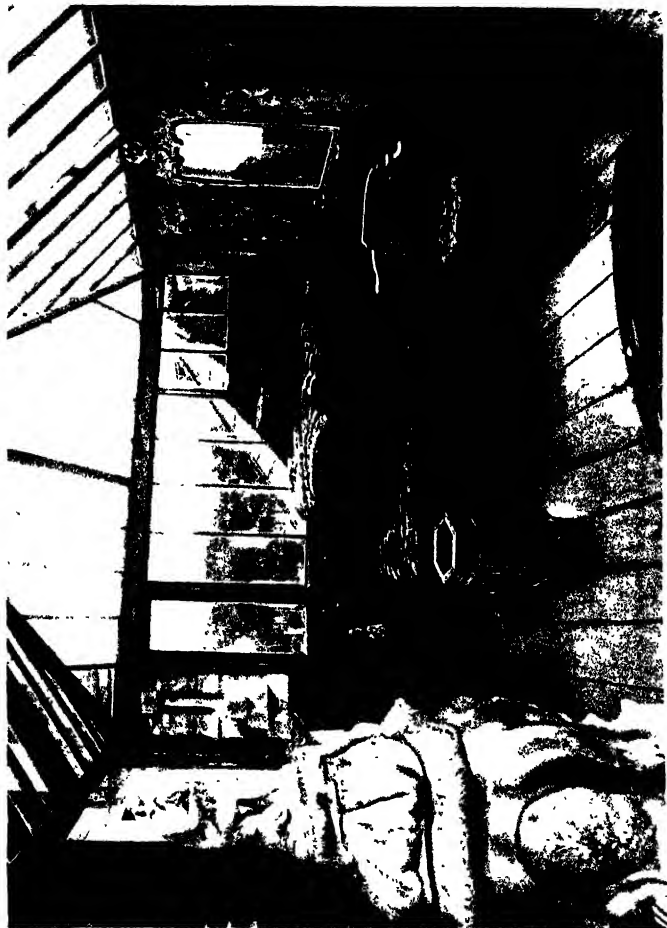
belonged to the daughters of Louis XVI., and some Gobelin tapestry. The Garibaldi room, so called from its having been prepared for that famous patriot, but to which he never came, has a door ornamented with carved work (vine leaves and clusters of grapes); a magnificent carved oak bed, at the foot of which is engraven *Nox. Mors. Lux.; La Nuit. La Mort. La Lumière.* (Night. Death. Light.) Above the pillow is a little ivory head with two faces, one representing Life and the other Death. On the walls are tapestries representing episodes in the life of the Virgin. The third floor is divided into two attics. One of them has a glass roof, and commands a splendid view of the town, harbour, archipelago, and, on a clear day, the coast of Cotentin. This room was used by the master as his study. In a corner is a plain board, painted black, fixed against the wall. It can be raised or lowered at will. On this board Victor Hugo wrote most of his works during his exile, particularly the whole of *Les*



The Garibaldi room, Hauteville House.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	39
<p><i>Misérables.</i> The other attic, which is very small, was the poet's bedroom. It contains Victor Hugo's bed; a sabre that once belonged to his father; a portrait of Madame Hugo, and two water-colours representing the poet on his death-bed.</p> <p>Guernsey people recall with pleasure the interest the poet manifested in old oak furniture. He seemed to dig it up everywhere, they say, from castle to cowshed. In the work of cleaning and refitting it, Mr. Gore was his principal woodworker and carver. The poet made his own designs for many of the odd pieces which still adorn Hauteville House. They are remarkable for their grotesqueness, a quality that is to be observed in his drawings generally. On the wall in one of the reception-rooms of Hauteville House is a sketch made by the poet with lampblack and chalk. It is the figure of a man with demoniacal face, dangling from a scaffold. It is probably a sketch of a scene in <i>L'Homme qui Rit</i>, where, on the bleak coast of Portland, the</p>	<p>Poet and Wood Carver</p>

40	The Romance of
Hideous Caricatures	<p>disfigured child, "Gwynplaine," was horrified by coming upon a similar spectacle on a tempestuous winter night. The grotesque, the uncanny, the ugly, the hideous, and the terrifying seem to have been the pictorial accompaniment in a mind of poesy unsurpassed for the delicacy of its beauty and the rhythm of its song. It was a strange and a weird combination that actuated Victor Hugo's genius. I have before me an old photograph of a pen drawing by the poet which is a striking example of the pictures that dwelt behind that high white dome above his brows. It is crowded with the grotesque forms and faces of his enemies sweeping around his pedestalled bust, each face wearing a sneer, a grimace, a look of venom or disdain. In the midst of all stands the poet's bust crowned with laurel. Calm defiance rests upon the face, while all around confusion sweeps the earth and sky. An insane conception and a clever composition.</p> <p>The following verse, written in April, 1839,</p>



Victor Hugo's study, Hauteville House.

when he was thirty-seven years of age, indicates the poet's consciousness of this duality of vision:

Old Chests

"As in a pond that sleeps o'erhung by trees,
Two things at once in many a sail one sees—
The sky, which paints the surface pure and calm,
With all its rays and clouds the heart to charm;
And then the depth, slime, hideous, dark and dead,
Where foul black reptiles swarm and vaguely tread." *

Apropos of Victor Hugo's admiration for carved oak, I was told that whenever the opportunity presented itself he would purchase antique chests in that wood. He acquired many specimens in the country parishes of Guernsey, rescuing some from barns, stables, and cowsheds at the cost of a few francs. These chests he afterwards carefully renovated. Mr. T. M. Gore, of Guernsey, who worked as a carpenter at Hauteville House, writing April 10, 1903, says: "Hugo was very quick in making designs for carving or engraving on wood. He would sketch either with chalk or

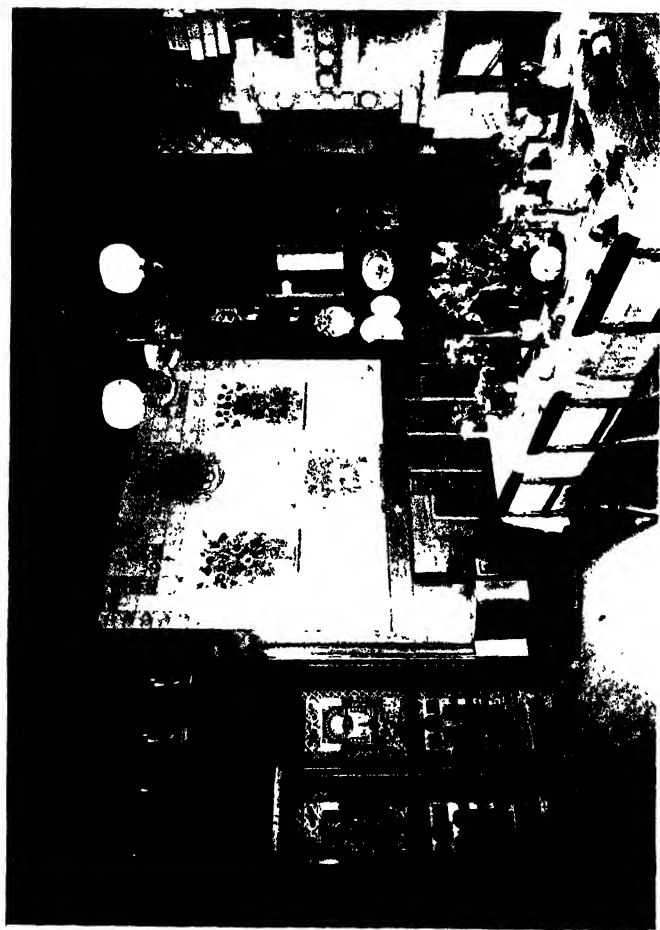
* Dean Carrington's translation.

Anecdotes

pencil. Frequently, after a lapse of several days, he would ask me to return a panel, saying that he had omitted to put in a bird on a branch or a flower on a stem. I possess three designs drawn by Victor Hugo."

Hauteville House is in charge of two courteous and intelligent ladies, who afford visitors every facility for viewing the art treasures which surrounded the great poet during the larger part of his exile. I spent a pleasant and instructive time in examining all that is to be seen there, and left in the belief that I was now acquainted with all that pertained to Hugo in Guernsey. But in that I was greatly in error.

The small side and the "infinite littleness" of a great life teach us more of the human elements in illustrious character than the pomp and spectacle which distinguish it from the mass of mankind. It must have been a great privilege for some of the Guernsey folk who are still living to have known Victor Hugo in his exile home, as they must have known him from the tales and anecdotes



The dining-room, Hauteville House.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	43
<p>I heard in the island. Idiosyncrasies and foibles were not lacking in the great French master any more than in those of meaner talents. His tailor and barber, his bootmaker and the binder of his manuscript, his stationer and carpenter, all have something to say of the genius upon whom they gazed with awe as he sauntered up and down the hilly streets of St. Peter Port.</p> <p>Mr. Henry Turner, for many years Hugo's bookbinder, and one of the most distinguished of the living Guernsey men who were personally acquainted with the poet, relates how jealously Victor Hugo guarded his manuscripts when he handed them to Mr. Turner to be bound. The confidence of Victor Hugo in his binder was absolute, yet for all that, the rule was that before dark every night the manuscripts must be returned to the poet to be safely locked in a fire-proof chest.</p> <p>These bound manuscripts are now all to be seen in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.</p> <p>I am here reminded of the story related by</p>	<p>Hugo's Manu- script</p>

**The
Poet's
Vanity**

Mr. T. B. Banks, the Guernsey stationer, who was well known to Victor Hugo. In *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* you will find the picture of a Scotch Highlander playing the bagpipe. Throughout the novel the author calls the musical instrument a bugpipe. When the Guernsey people remonstrated with him, the poet insisted that bugpipe was correct and refused to alter it. The controversy was vigorously pursued, especially by those in Guernsey who sprang from the North Country and who did not purpose submitting to a burlesque upon a musical instrument which was so much a part of their national life. "Monsieur Hugo, you are wrong," they protested, "there is no such word as bugpipe. It is bagpipe—bagpipe—bagpipe—bag—I" "It is bugpipe!" retorted the poet, "because I, Victor Hugo, poet, dramatist, peer of France, etc., say so. What I write becomes right because I write it. The howling hulla-baloo looks like a bug, and I say it shall be a bugpipe!"



Victor Hugo in his garden (Hauteville House).

“That,” says Mr. Banks, “is only one of many instances where the poet’s imperious obstinacy led him into the misuse of names and—facts.”

**Batbing
on the
Roof**

The story is current in Guernsey that the poet was in the habit of taking his bath on the roof of Hauteville House in full view of the universe or anybody who, having risen early enough, might be abroad on the island. When I visited Hauteville House, I found my way to the roof through the small bedroom, where the great man used to sleep on a thin mattress raised four inches from the floor. From this room a French casement window opens south upon the roof, and affords a view of St. Malo on the French coast, with the Island of Jersey and its group of islets glinting like emeralds strung across the view. In winter the scene on the Guernsey coast is often of a wild and angry aspect as the sea lashes the rocky beach. In any mood, the view is superb, and it seems to me that even a lesser genius than

**Hugo's
Love for
Children**

Hugo might have been exalted in its presence.

Mr. Thomas Gore, writing to me on the subject of the poet's peculiar habit of ablution, says:

"Victor Hugo slept in an attic, not a very comfortable room or bed, simply a few boards a few inches off the floor. He used to bathe himself standing in a tub of water on the roof near the rain gutter. Winter and summer, even when it was freezing, I have seen him there, often as late as nine o'clock."

Of the poet's tender regard for poor children many beautiful things are said in Guernsey. There are men and women of from forty-five to fifty years of age living in Guernsey who recall Victor Hugo's benefactions to them in their childhood. Every Thursday, they relate, the garden back of Hauteville House was the scene of a herd of fifty boys and girls being fed under the poet's personal supervision. In winter, or when the weather was inclement, this ravenous, hurly-burly little



Inkstands of Lamartine, Dumas, Georges Sand, and Victor Hugo, in Hauteville House.

band would be taken into the house, often to the consternation and despair of the poet's domestics. At each of these dinners, which were served at twelve o'clock, the poet tasted the principal dishes to assure himself, before his tiny guests fell to the feast, that all had been cooked according to his theories of *l'art de cuisine*.

I have been so fortunate as to procure an old photograph of the poet with his humble band of Guernsey children. There are nearly forty of them in the group, and judging from their bright, contented little faces I infer that the picture is a record made after one of these periodic feasts. He loved little children with caressing tenderness. His poems on child-life humanly express the religion of motherhood.

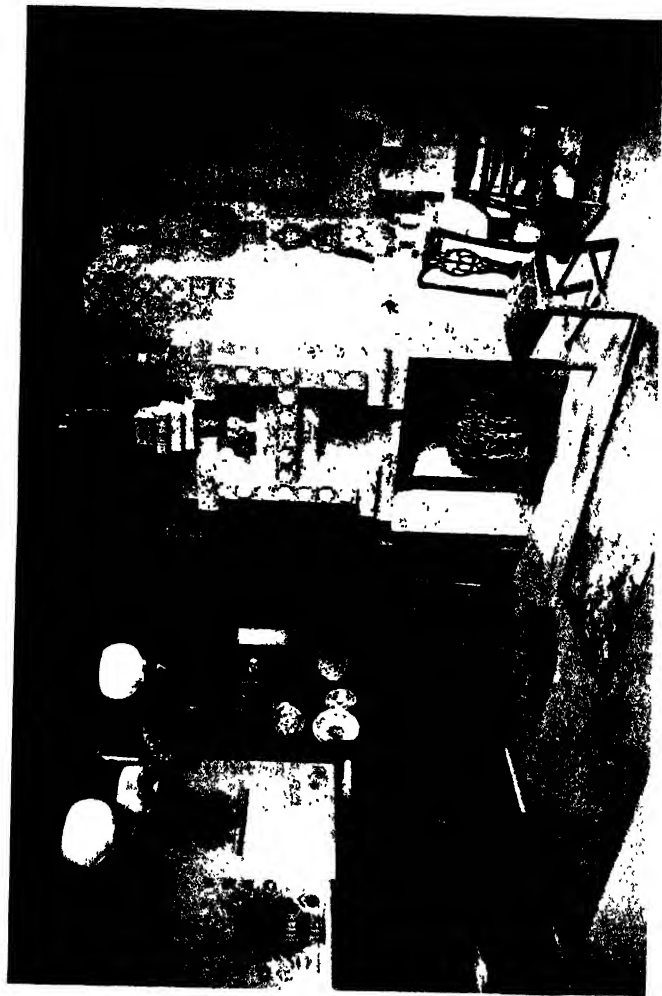
In this connection the late Mr. F. H. Blicq, the poet's Guernsey barber, was the object of much of Hugo's wit. Mr. Blicq had seventeen children and was justly proud of his large family. The poet considered seventeen

**A Poet's
Benevo-
lence**

Hero
Worship

children a great blessing to any man—"provided they did not crowd him off the island." No one was readier with a *bon mot* than Victor Hugo during the later years of his exile, when much of his wrath upon the vain head of "Napoleon le Petit" had spent itself, and a long period of literary activity had mellowed his recollection of the troublous times of '48 to '52.

There has never been a period of indifference to anything relating, however remotely, to Hugo. So far from that, probably few other men have ever been the subject of such abject hero-worship. Indeed, I am informed that when Hugo lived in Guernsey, visitors would dog his footsteps along the seashore and pick up pebbles upon which he had trodden, to preserve as mementos of the great master, while it was the custom of the late Mr. Blicq to preserve the cuttings from the great man's hair and beard. What an instance of adulation this would indicate, if I did not have to spoil the story by relating—on the



The dining-room, Hauteville House, showing tiled fireplace in form of letter H.

<p>Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet</p>	<p>49</p>
<p>authority of Mr. Turner and the surviving members of Mr. Blicq's family—that the poet insisted upon appropriating these cuttings himself, and bestowing them—no one says where.</p>	<p>Treasured Locks</p>

III

Literary Treasure-trove

A Journal
of Exile

READERS of Hugo lore may recall a remarkable article from the pen of M. Octave Uzanne which appeared in an American magazine in November, 1892. That article describes the vicissitudes of a "Journal of Exile," consisting of two thousand pages of close writing, and a thousand original letters addressed to the poet. This journal and bundle of letters were contained in six parcels which, shortly after the death of Hugo, were disposed of to a local dealer, on the occasion of a housecleaning, as so much waste-paper. Later, they fell into the hands of a well-known London archivist and dealer in autographs, who, on examination, found the two thousand pages of manuscript to be in the handwriting

of François, that son of Victor Hugo who translated Shakespeare into French. On the occasion of my visit to Guernsey I had the good fortune to meet Mr. W. A. Luff, the gentleman who rescued this manuscript and the letters from the local junk-dealer, into whose hands they had fallen, and from him learned the story of how the bundles, after having been submitted to Mr. Swinburne, the poet, for an estimate of their value, and by him rejected as of no interest to the collectors of Hugo manuscripts, reached the London archivist, who now prizes them beyond price.

The manuscript is a veritable journal of exile, covering a period between July, 1852, when Hugo was still in Jersey, and the end of 1856, with annotations here and there in the master's hand. M. Uzanne says of the complete manuscript of which this is part : "It is a minute relation of the conversation of Victor Hugo with his family, his friends, and distinguished visitors, that seems to have been written day by day. Victor Hugo must have

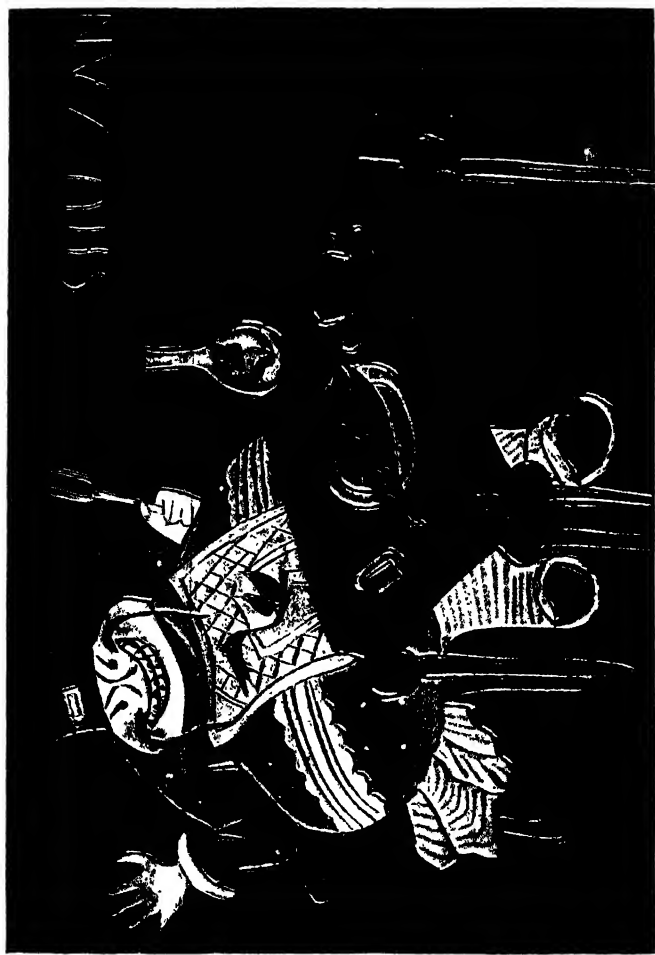
**A Lost
Manuscript**

**Literary
Discovery**

revised the journal with care. The correspondence extends over a period of fifty years."

That such a *journal intime* and so many private letters should have been preserved so long and then finally discarded as waste-paper can only be accounted for by supposing it to be the result of an accident. Many people thought so who read M. Uzanne's article in 1892; and some conversations that I had with Mr. Luff and with Mr. Henry Turner confirm me in that belief. No author was more careful of his manuscripts than Victor Hugo, or—must it be said?—more keenly alive to their value in the years to come. Most of his works—particularly those written in Guernsey—are written upon paper measuring twenty by thirty-two inches, and were bound by Mr. Turner in white vellum, the letters of the title being cut out and painted in magenta, according to the poet's special directions.

These facts did not at all prepare me for the astonishing discovery of a parcel of Hugo pa-



A wood carving by Hugo.

pers in the possession of Mr. Luff, whom, in the course of my enquiries among Guernsey men about the poet's life and habits upon the island, I had, as I have said, the good fortune to meet. I was further astonished to learn that these papers had never been examined by a literary man. Their history is almost identical with that of the papers dealt with by M. Uzanne in his article of November, 1892, of which they are properly a part, though subsequently discovered and, by persons ignorant of their value, turned out of Hauteville House, as I have narrated. These interesting papers are now before me. They consist of a small section of the "Journal of Exile," in the handwriting of François Hugo, with an annotation by the poet; a rough draft of the letter from Hugo to Alexandre Dumas, signed V. H.; two letters written by General Hugo (father of Victor Hugo); a letter to Hugo, signed Claire, a young woman who had become enamoured of the poet; a considerable number of amorous and cryptic letters from Madame

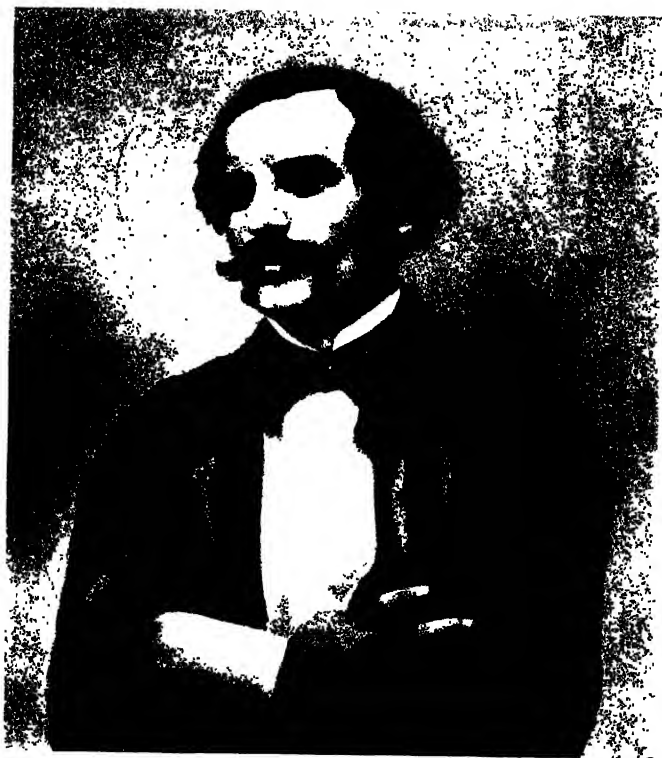
**Gold and
Dross**

François
Hugo's
Journal

Juliette Drouet, the beautiful mistress, who was perhaps the star of much of Hugo's verse of a certain *motif*; and a few miscellaneous letters and papers.

In François Hugo's journal, the poet's son has recorded many trivialities, estimated from the point of view of to-day. But in this mass of personal chronicle I am enabled here and there to appropriate an occasional item of real interest to the unwritten historical aspect of the great French Socialist, and expose an opinion uttered by him now and then which may strike one more for its novelty than for its philosophic value.

It was at the funeral of Couvet. Victor Hugo, his sons Charles and François, and the exile Ribeyralles, had followed the procession to the grave. Couvet's interment and the burial speech of Ribeyralles created an extremely sad impression on all the exiles. They return to Marine Terrace and contemplate their puppet-show on earth. The talk drifts to poets, and Victor Hugo, who had



François Hugo, son of the poet.

evidently met with opposition to his theory, "maintains that poets are magicians, but that all magicians are not poets; that Shakespeare had the gift of divination like Alexis, but that Alexis could not have written *Hamlet* like Shakespeare."

From this the conversation turned to religion:

"The city of the Mormons," said Victor Hugo, "has 20,000 inhabitants, and there are 60,000 Mormons altogether. Every house has its garden. All the houses are of the same size. In the centre of the city is the Mormon Temple. In a short time they have won many proselytes and found a great deal of money. That shows the power of a religious idea of the Invisible World."

On friendship the poet's views were definite. Judged by his private letters and his *Livre de l'Anniversaire* (which he wrote for his mistress, Madame Drouet), his principle of love was as definite and pure as the facets of the diamond. Alas, for the caprice of this

The Poet's
Dicta

**Sainte-Beuve's
Jealousy**

latter quality in so great a life! as we shall presently see in the subsequent impassioned letters on the one hand, and the poet's catholicity of conduct on the other.

Every man of forceful character has his enemies and his ardent friends. The plasticity of some lives inspires neither great friendship nor enmity worth notice. Hugo lived with, but wrought above, a certain set of cavilling critics of the time, who, excelling him often in rational political sense, used their facile talents against the Romantic School and its deity. Sainte-Beuve, in time, became infected with a rancorous jealousy of Hugo's ascendancy in the lettered world and flayed him with an insidious sarcasm unworthy of his own great parts.

"Yes," said Hugo to the brilliant little company about him, "I admit candidly, I defend my friends and attack my enemies. Whatever may be the faults of Théophile Gautier *now*, I defend him. I remember and will always remember that after the failure of



A caricature by Hugo in scorn of his critics.

Le Roi s'Amuse all my enemies triumphantly fell upon me saying that never had such an execrable production been presented. Théophile Gautier, who was then writing for a small journal, wrote in regard to *Le Roi s'Amuse*: "If we lived at a time when there was any respect for poetry, Victor Hugo, crowned with laurels, should ride in a golden car drawn by four white horses before all the people of Paris on their knees."

"Yes," continued Hugo, "I defend Gautier, I defend even Méry. I am profoundly grateful for good, and profoundly hurt by evil. I defend my friends to the last, until the day when it is proved they are not my friends. On that day I become their enemy."

In the course of the evening—exile being still a brief experience—the poet said:

"If I returned to France, I would refuse office. Strong without office, I feel myself weak with office. I have written this: I have accepted exile, I will refuse power."

Thus early in 1852, soon after his flight from

Gautier's
Praise

**Pas de
Chance**

Paris on December 11, 1851, the man who was great as poet, over-zealous, tactless, and debilitated by exaggeration as a politician, dwells upon the defeat of his misdirected aims—a profitless reflection for a mind whose power was at its least in civic strife.

Ribeyralles and Thomas, dine with Victor Hugo. Thomas, having spent a long time in several prisons, ends his life in exile. “He merits such a fate,” say his fellows; “prison and exile are the fine rewards of noble hearts.”

“Thomas is now a member of the Proscription Club at Jersey. His talk is interesting and vivid. At the end of the meeting, Ribeyralles continues the biography of Citizen Pas de Chance: ‘One day Pas de Chance met Voltaire. Pas de Chance said to Voltaire: “Once I killed a priest.” “Shake hands,” said Voltaire, holding out his hand. However, one day Voltaire was himself knocked down by Pas de Chance.’ ” *

* From the unpublished journal of François Hugo.

One is irresistibly moved at the humour of this spectacle. Citizen Pas de Chance! Let us learn who he was.

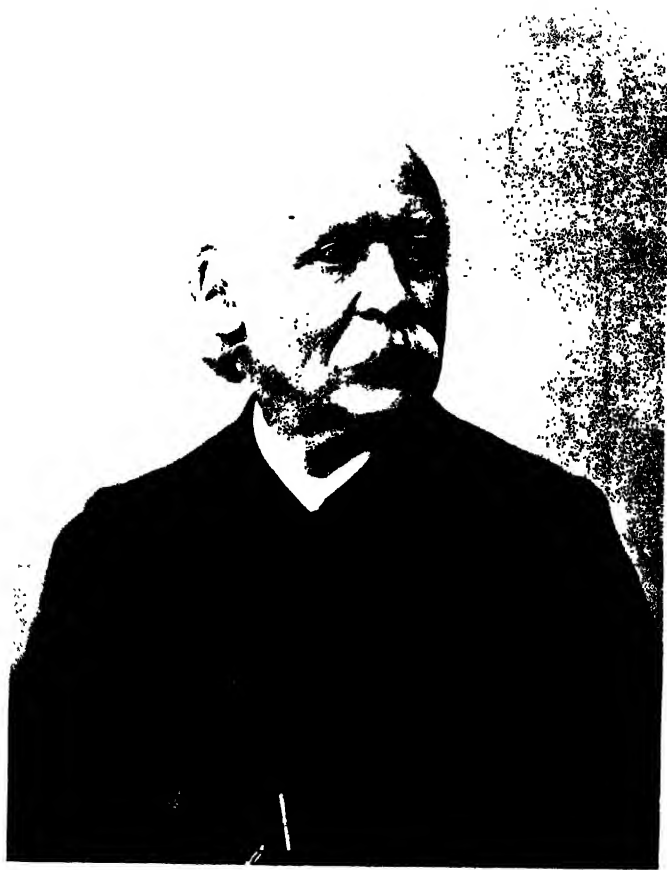
**A
Spurious
Exile**

Attributed to Victor Hugo, in his son's journal is the following account of Pas de Chance:

"The history of Pas de Chance is one of the most amusing that could be related. It should even be written if one wrote such things. He arrived one morning at Brussels in rags. On his forehead were the words *Pas de Chance* (No luck).

"On these three words were two sabre scars. Although the habit of the exiles was to give a cordial reception to every fresh exile, they received Pas de Chance with some distrust. They asked Pas de Chance to show his certificates. Pas de Chance showed suspicious letters. Among them was one from Martin de Loiret full of mistakes in spelling. Beauvais, however, admitted Pas de Chance into their circle, but one fine day they began to deny his right to the title of exile. 'You

60	The Romance of
Eugene Sue	<p>have not been proscribed' they said to him. 'I shall return to France,' said Pas de Chance; and the following day he took the boat and landed at St. Malo."</p> <p>Of Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo uttered the following:</p> <p>"The other day I read a novel by Eugene Sue in the <i>Nation</i>, called the 'Jouffrey Family.' It is extremely vulgar and bad, and written in the style of a porter, but it is most striking in its realism."</p> <p>It seems Charles Hugo had a relentless hatred of kings, and repeated what he had often said, namely, that all kings, even the best, were scoundrels. With this his sister, Julie Hugo, disagreed, and cited Marcus Aurelius as an example of kingly virtue.</p> <p>"Ah, yes," said Charles; "he persecuted the Christians!"</p> <p>Just as this family controversy promised trouble, the poet, by parental right, intervened and said:</p> <p>"Marcus Aurelius was no angel, but he had</p>



Paul Meurice, friend and literary executor of Hugo.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	61
<p>a rare mind. The philosophy of Marcus Aurelius surpassed Christianity, which, however, has rendered a greater service to the heart of mankind than to the human mind. Marcus Aurelius was a philosopher, a Socratist. If he had been told of the mysteries of the Christian religion, he would have regarded these mysteries as superstitions. His mind placed him on a higher level than his material position. He was higher than his time."</p> <p>"Marriage," said Charles Hugo, "is at the present day an infamous institution. A married woman is a slave, and as mean as a woman of the town." He vehemently declared he would never marry.</p> <p>"Charles," said his father, "you throw yourself forward like an ox to break down gates opened by me twenty-nine years ago. In your talk, too often you reclose gates you had previously opened."</p> <p>This conversation occurred in 1852. It is interesting to note that Victor Hugo was, therefore, only twenty-one years of age when he had</p>	<p>Charles Hugo on Marriage</p>

**Kings
and
Scoundrels**

"opened the gates," as he says, upon the institution of marriage, and this early adverse view upon the subject may account for many of the irregular intimacies which characterised his life during all that time when his letters to Juliette Drouet would, in the absence of other and contradictory evidence, indicate at least constancy to wife and mistress.

François ascribes to his father the following aphorism:

"Kings may have good natural tendencies, but they are made scoundrels by their position. Generally speaking, kings are scoundrels."

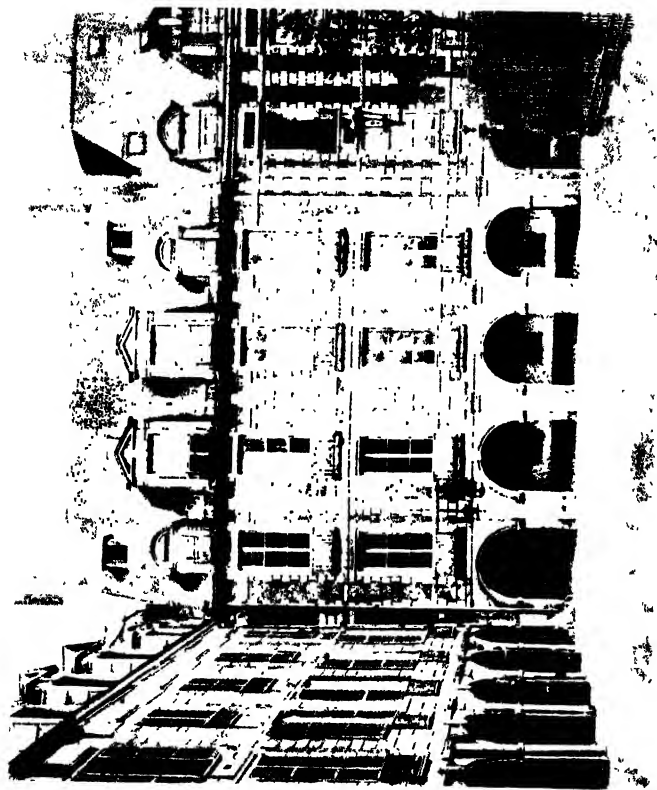
And here is another:

"The true king at the time of Herod was not Herod, but John the Baptist. The true king at the time of Tiberius was not Tiberius, but Christ. They were superior to the age in which they lived."

The following proves Victor Hugo to have been as uncompromising an opponent of the Roman Catholic Church as the most rabid ultra-Protestant could desire:

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	63
<p>“Why do people desert Catholicism? Because it is a religion that creates atheists. I should be an atheist if there were only the Catholic God, a being who condemns you for the fault of another, and punishes you eternally for momentary offences. That is not a God, but a monster. My father said that when he was in the Chamber of Peers, in Paris, and supported Martin as a revolutionary and advanced Pope, he was undeceived by Guizot, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. ‘You, a member of the opposition in the Chamber of Peers,’ said Guizot to my father,—‘you are wrong if you imagine that Martin is a man who is really advanced. Martin is a timid man, and to-morrow, if he were frightened, he would surpass in violence and reaction all the popes who preceded him.’ My father, after recounting some of the deeds of Pius IX., said: ‘I would put the Pope in the grave with this inscription, “Jean Martin, Assassin and Thief.” If necessary, I would write it myself, and God would have written it before me.’”</p>	<p>Hugo on Catholicism</p>

64	The Romance of
Good and Evil Genius	<p>There is another sentence in the same strain:</p> <p>“ ‘Custom-house officials and priests are alike,’ said my father; ‘the former are met with on the frontiers of countries, and priests on the frontiers of thought.’ ”</p> <p>It is a relief to turn from such highly controversial statements as these to more generally acceptable matter, such as the following:</p> <p>“I think a guilty man is punished by his crime. His crime becomes his punishment. After his death the criminal will find his offence has become a pebble, a stone, or a rock, which forms the prison made for the offender in which he expiates his crime.”</p> <p>And this:</p> <p>“ Good and evil have their representatives in poetry. Alfred de Musset and Merimée are the representatives of evil; they are thinkers, but evil thinkers. Alfred de Musset brings depravity into all he does, writes, and says. These are evil geniuses. Between the good and the evil are neutral geniuses such as</p>



Hugo's house in the Place Royale (now Place des Vosges), Paris.

Théophile Gautier. At the other extremity are such good geniuses as Lamartine, Georges Sand, and Lamennais."

What follows is of real literary interest, and presents a picture of marvellous precocity.

"With respect to praises lavished on *Han d'Islande*, and the astonishment expressed that such a work could have been written by a young boy, my father stated that he had written *Han d'Islande* when he was only fourteen, and that he had never read the strange romance of Maturin entitled *Melnotte* or *L'Homme Errant*, by which *Han d'Islande* seems to have been suggested. However, my father did not think a great deal of *Han d'Islande*; but there is one scene he likes and would not disdain even now, and that is the one in which the executioner hangs his own brother. *Han d'Islande* is still regarded by the Germans as my father's masterpiece. *Han d'Islande* is not my father's first work. In 1814, at the age of twelve, he wrote his first drama."

Literary
Precocity

66	The Romance of
A Subtle Distinction	<p>The following anecdote of M. Ribeyralles is in lighter vein, and throws a curious side-light on at least two of the Frenchmen who sought refuge in Guernsey in the early fifties:</p> <p>“When I was at Guernsey,” said Ribeyralles, “I used to go to a café to play billiards. One day a gentleman came up to me and said: ‘Sir, will you play with me?’ I consented and played with him. In a few minutes another individual there whispered in my ear: ‘Don’t play with that man; he has had twenty years’ penal servitude.’ Immediately after the second individual had spoken to me, the first one, taking me aside, said: ‘Don’t speak to that man; he has been sentenced to fifteen years’ penal servitude.’ However, I played with them both, and observed that the man who had served only fifteen years in prison entertained a profound contempt for the man who had served twenty. Certainly, he was more honest than the other by five years.”</p> <p>The following from Victor Hugo to the elder Dumas is probably only the rough draft</p>



Victor Hugo. Caricature by Daumier.

of a letter of which the author despatched a fairer copy:

MARINE TERRACE,

November 17, 1854.

MY DEAR DUMAS:

A friend has cut out four lines from a number of your *Musketeers*, and has sent them to me.

In these four lines you have succeeded in putting two great things—your mind and your heart.

I thank you for dedicating to me your drama, *Le Conscience*. My solitude had some right to his remembrance. Your dedication, so noble and pathetic, seems to me like a return to my home. It is a joy for me to think that I am at this moment present in Paris and present at a success of Alexandre Dumas.

I am told by letter that the success is great and the work profound. The work and its success resemble my friendship for you.

Yours truly,

V. H.

Hugo to
Dumas

68	The Romance of
<p>Lacking the Magic Touch</p>	<p>P.S.—I received yesterday a few numbers of the <i>Musketeers</i>, but the one containing your dedication did not come. Will you let me know in which number it appears?</p> <p>There are many other observations and varied dicta ascribed to the poet in François's journal, much of which is so stained with age as to be quite illegible. Beyond what I have transcribed, however, these records lack literary value and special interest. Some verses on Love, Hope, Conjugal Infelicity, and the ways of our ancestors, in my opinion, bear no trace of Victor Hugo's genius. They may be the product of the poet's daughter, Julie.</p>

IV

Love, the Master

I N October, 1822, when he still lacked two months of being twenty years old, Victor wedded Adèle Foucher, daughter of a clerk employed in the French War Office. There were many bumps along the way of this wooing. The parents of the pretty, dark-eyed Adèle had nothing but their blessing to give their daughter, while the entire estate of Hugo consisted of a talent for reeling off an unlimited quantity of fine verses. The Foucher parents, who seem to have been sensible that blessings and verses do not aid materially in establishing and maintaining a home, at first opposed the match; but their opposition finally gave way before the persistent suit of the handsome and clever young

A
Doubtful
Benedict

Climbing
Parnassus

poet, whose star was now in the ascendant. Material good fortune was also beginning to smile upon the young man, for had not King Louis XVIII. granted him a pension of one thousand francs, and were not his verses beginning to have a marketable value? As we might suspect, the marriage took place at once. Two sons and a daughter were born to Hugo and his wife, and, so far as is known, no cloud appeared to darken the life of Madame Hugo for at least eleven years. Hugo's industry was prodigious even at that early time of his career; he produced poems, novels, and plays in rapid succession, and so great was their popularity amongst the French people, and so effectively were they advertised by the malignant attacks of certain literary critics, that the leaves of his unpublished manuscripts might almost have been regarded as bank-notes of large denomination. The King doubled his pension, his envious critics continued to abuse him, and his admiring literary *confrères*

heralded him as master. His fame became European.

**A
Fateful
Visitor**

Such, then, was the status of Victor Hugo, in January, 1833, when one morning a lady called upon him at his house in the Place Royale, Paris, with the request that she might be assigned a part in Hugo's play, *Lucretia Borgia*. That lady was Juliette Drouet. Hugo was only able to offer her the very minor part of Princess Negroni, but gallantly promised to compensate her in some other way. The poet kept his word in this respect by falling at the actress's feet a few days later, for she had made the most complete conquest of his heart.

Who was this clever, this witty Juliette, who could so easily vanquish the handsome and now famous young poet, whose indifference to and strictures upon feminine charm had already created a chronic ache in the hearts of many Parisian women? Her right name was Julienne Josephine Gauvin, and she was born at Fougères in 1806; she would, there-

**Juliette's
Early
Days**

fore, be twenty-seven when she first met Hugo. She was an only child, and having lost both her parents before she was a year old, she was adopted by Jean Baptiste Drouet, a grand-uncle who lived in Paris, and whose surname she assumed. When seven years old, little Julianne was sent by this relative to the boarding-school of Petit Pictus, an educational establishment under the direction of the Sisters of the Bernardines Benedictines of Perpetual Adoration, a sisterhood celebrated for the awful austerity of their rule, and their merciless discipline. Having attained the age of sixteen, Julianne was restored to her grand-uncle, who was ill-prepared to receive her, being but a poor man; while the orphan's beauty was all her fortune. For the first three years after she left the Petit Pictus, nothing is known of the life of Julianne, and perhaps it is charitable not to inquire closely, but in 1825 she was living under the protection of M. Pradier, a Parisian sculptor, and sat to him as a model



Madame Hugo, wife of Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	73
<p>for the statue of <i>Strasburg</i>, which stands in the Place de la Concorde. In 1827 Pradier cast her adrift with her infant girl, of whom he was the father. She then turned her attention to the stage, and being well educated, ambitious, beautiful, and with some, though not very great, histrionic talent, was fairly successful and obtained engagements at some of the best theatres. In 1829 she dropped the name of <i>Julienne Josephine</i>, and thereafter always called herself <i>Juliette</i>. M. Théophile Gautier, describing her personal appearance about the period when she captivated Hugo, says of Juliette Drouet: "Her head is of a regular and delicate beauty; her nose is clean cut and well shaped, and her eyes brilliant and clear. Her lips remain very small even when she laughs heartily, and are of a vivid and humid red. These charming features are surrounded by a most harmonious and soft oval contour; her forehead is clear and serene, and she has an abundance of black hair of an admirable</p>	<p>An Inhuman Father</p>

Before
the
Footlights

lustre. Her neck, shoulders, and arms are of a perfection thoroughly antique."

Juliette had played various minor parts at the theatre Porte St. Martin, and at the Odéon, where in the autumn of 1831 she was in the cast of *Catherine II.*, by Arnold and Lockroy. In 1832 she returned to the Porte St. Martin, where she created the part of Teresa in the play of the same name by Dumas *père*, and the part of the Marchioness in *Jeanne Vaubernier*, January, 1833. It was in this year and month that the fervently sympathetic, passionate, and beautiful Juliette met the handsome, light-haired, poet of thirty-one, and was given the part of Princess Negroni in his play *Lucretia Borgia*, in which her great personal beauty and magnetic manner distinguished this really minor character in the cast. I am indebted to M. Léon Séché, of the *Revue de Paris*, for a view of the letter concerning Juliette Drouet which the poet wrote on the day following her first performance:

"There are in *Lucretia Borgia* certain second-rate characters represented by first-rate actors who comport themselves in the subdued light of their parts with gracefulness, perfect loyalty, and good taste. The author here tenders them his thanks. . . . Mlle. Juliette cast extraordinary brilliancy on this figure (Princess Negroni). She had but a few words to say, but she put a great deal of thought into them. This young actress only needs an opportunity to reveal in an effective manner to the public a talent full of soul, passion, and truth."

In the *Artiste* appeared the following paragraph:

"She knows all that is taught by nature and soul. She does not know what is taught by the Professors of the Conservatoire. Often she seems not to know how many steps are needed to cross the stage; exactly to what height it is permitted to raise the arms; how one should arrange disordered hair and make certain transitions. She is like a bird that

Lover and
Critic

76	The Romance of
Victor Hugo Quisbed	<p>pierces the clouds with its majestic flight, and walks with difficulty on the earth."</p> <p>It must not be supposed that so charming a woman would remain without admirers from the time when she was deserted by Pradier until her conquest of Hugo,—nearly six years,—nor was it so. M. Pradier had several successors, among them Alphonse Karr, the writer, and a wealthy Russian nobleman. Within a fortnight of the performance of Princess Negroni by Juliette, the poet was at her feet, poetically and physically. It was on the night of February 17th, 1833. Eight years later, on the night between February 17th and 18th, 1841, Victor Hugo wrote the following in Juliette Drouet's album—a little book called <i>Livre de l'Anniversaire</i>, in which the poet inscribed something every year on the anniversary of their avowed alliance.</p> <p>"Dost thou remember, my beloved, our first day? It was the time of Carnival in 1833. There was being given at some theatre a ball</p>



Les Burgraves. By Rochegrosse.

to which we both were to go (I interrupt my writing to imprint a kiss on thy sweet mouth, and then I continue). Nothing, not even death, I am certain, can ever efface that recollection within me.

“All the hours of that day traverse my thoughts at this moment one after the other, like stars passing before the eyes of my soul. . . . Poor angel! what beauty and love are thine! Thy little apartment was full of adorable silence. Outside we heard Paris singing and laughing, and the masked revellers passing by, shouting. Amid the great general festival we had, set apart and concealed in the shade, our own sweet festival. Paris had the false, we had the true, blissfulness.

“Never forget, my angel, that mysterious hour which has changed thy life. That day of the 17th February, 1833, has been a symbol and the prototype of the great and solemn change that was being accomplished in thee. That day thou didst leave outside, far from

**Love's
Octave**

**Double
False**

thee, the tumult, the din, the false happiness, to enter mystery, solitude and love.

“That day I spent eight hours with thee. Each of those hours has already given birth to a year (1833-1841). During those eight years my heart has been full of thee, and nothing will change it, thou knowest, even should each of those years bring forth a century.”*

Despite the promise she had given to Victor Hugo to abandon the Russian nobleman who had succeeded Pradier, Alphonse Karr, and others in her favour, Juliette continued to serve two masters. The poet soon perceived that he was being deceived, and in his jealous rage the relationship between them was broken off. For three days Victor Hugo, sulking, waited for Juliette to repent and return; but as she showed no sign in this direction, he desperately sped back to his inamorata, who, being deeply touched at the

* From M. Léon Séché—“Juliette Drouet” in the *Revue de Paris*. I have edited the letter slightly.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	79
<p>poet's feeling, burst into tears, and vowed that thenceforth she would be his alone.</p> <p>A few days after this she disappeared.</p> <p>Victor Hugo was in sore distress until he learned from one of her friends that she had gone to Brest in order to avoid witnessing the sale of her furniture, which had been seized for debt.</p> <p>I again quote from M. Léon Séché:</p> <p>"I have read the letters which Victor Hugo wrote to her on this occasion. They are heartrending. One sees that he was conscious of having led that woman to her (financial?) ruin by wishing to rehabilitate her in his own eyes. For it was in order to purify that fallen angel more than in order to enjoy her society, that he had taken her in his arms and carried her away to the serene heights where his thoughts usually soared."</p> <p>The result of it all was that Victor Hugo, famous but still poor in purse, got Pradier, the sculptor, and one or two others, to assist him in scraping up a few thousand francs where-</p>	<p>Single Faithful</p>

"The
Play's
the
Thing"

with to pay his lady's most pressing creditors. This accomplished, the furniture at her finer apartments at 35bis Rue de l'Échiquier, was sold, and she went to live in the modest apartment that the poet had rented and furnished for her in Rue Saint Anastase, a few steps from his own house.

It was here that Juliette really became his own and "left outside the tumult, the clamour, the false happiness, in order to enter mystery, solitude, and love."

But love alone was not enough at that impatient and ambitious time to fill the life and distract the brilliant energies of the young and beautiful Juliette. She would insist upon essaying the part of Jane in *Marie Stuart*, and the result was severe criticism by the press and assignment of the part to a Mlle. Ida, of whom it was facetiously said that her ability would even make Romeo faithless to Juliette.

On his part, Victor Hugo believed in his mistress's histrionic talent, and obstinately endeavoured to impose her upon the leading



La Esmeralda. From the painting by L. Olivier Merson.

theatrical managers of Paris. On the day following Juliette's first and only appearance as Jane, the poet wrote the following truly beautiful appreciation of her performance:

"You have only played Jane once, dear friend, but the trace you have left on the part is for me as deep as if you had played it a hundred times.

"You have played the part before two thousand persons, and one alone understood your conception of it. It is because two thousand persons do not represent two thousand minds. What you have put into this part of your heart, your soul, your mind, your character, your passion, your love, your beauty, your nature, I will write one day. I will try to lose nothing of it, nor allow anything to be lost. If I could do what I wish, that fugitive evening would leave on your brow an everlasting halo. If my name lives, yours will live." *

* Letter communicated by M. Louis Koch to M. Léon Séché, hitherto unpublished in English.

**As Seen
with
Lover's
Eyes**

As Seen
by Paris

With due respect for Victor Hugo's bias concerning his friend's ability as an actress, contemporary critics united in saying that Juliette Drouet possessed but mediocre talent, albeit a spirit and a beauty which, properly directed, might have carried her far along the way of her ambition. It is as a lover and mistress, as a beautiful woman of tact and refinement, as a spirited hostess of great *savoir vivre*, as a friend and companion, that she is most interesting. She was the regnant goddess of Victor Hugo's poetry after 1834, and their fellowship and her devotion endured for precisely fifty years and three months (1833-1883). In some phases of this remarkable relationship the sublimest chords of earthly existence are made to intone every shade of romantic song and feeling. She was the inspiration of much that widened his vision not only in his flights of fancy but in what he met in the actual world around him.

And he? He was her deity, her dream, and her only tangible reality. The letters she

addressed to him, often thrice daily, during the fifty years of her devotion, attest her dependence upon his touch and smile. She followed him in all his work—in the Assembly, in the study, in their delightful rambles amongst curio shops; up and down the fern country around Fougères, where Juliette was born. She shielded him in his escape from Paris disguised as a labourer, bearing a false passport; she followed him into exile, and made for him and his intimates a world of gaiety on a quiet little island. When Madame Hugo died in 1868, thirty-five years conscious of Juliette Drouet's part in her husband's life, Madame Drouet, then a woman of sixty-two, became the poet's constant companion with as natural a transition as he had become enmeshed by her infinite charm in 1833.

The *Livre de l'Anniversaire* was Juliette's own clever invention. It was her desire that during all the term of their welded affection, on the anniversary of the day when she had given herself to him, the poet should

Half a
Century
of Love

write a page in that little book upon which she slept. During the fifty years of their love he never failed to do so.

Nor was this all. His poems, from the *Chants du Crépuscule* down to the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, are full of Juliette Drouet, though he has not named her anywhere. *The Livre de l'Anniversaire* sheds a golden ray upon many of his poems after 1833 for those who seek their divinity. His verses had "a thousand ways—a single object." So sped the lives of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet in Paris until the fateful *coup d'état*.

Unlike most poets, Hugo was an economist who was never lavish, and it is certain that Juliette Drouet, in adhering to him, did not consult her material interests. He provided for her, it is true, but in a very modest way, his most valuable gift being the small house called "The Friends," near Hauteville House, where she lived during Hugo's exile in Guernsey. He made ample provision for her in his will, but she pre-deceased him by two or



Victor Hugo. Caricature by Benjamin (1843).

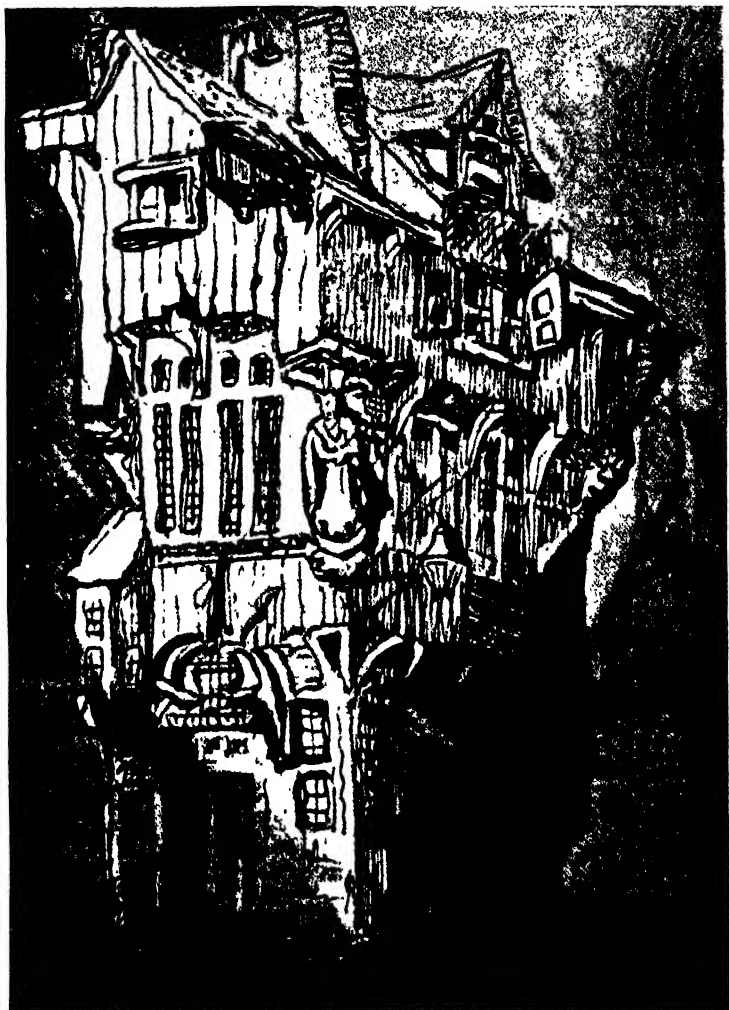
Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	85
<p>three years. Where relations such as those which existed between Hugo and Juliette Drouet last for nearly fifty years, it is certain that they are founded upon something less ephemeral than passion. What Beatrice was to Dante, that and more was Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo. Did not some one make the cryptic assertion that the wrong which harms nobody is not a wrong? Madame Hugo was wronged without doubt, but she was either oblivious of it or magnanimously feigned to be so. The annals of real life record few such cases of irregular domestic relations as Hugo's, and none, so far as I am aware, quite parallel with it. Of a mistress being fiercely jealous of other mistresses, as Juliette Drouet was, there are records in abundance; but for the legal wife to submit to a mistress being installed in a house a few hundred feet from her own, and even consent to visit her and permit her sons and daughters to do so throughout a long term of years, as did Madame Hugo, all as a concession to the waywardness of genius,</p>	<p>Hugo's Inspira- tion</p>

86	The Romance of
A Magnanimous Wife	<p>is an example of wifely self-abnegation which would have done credit to Chaucer's patient Griselda. Madame Drouet, deep as her devotion to Hugo was, had not the qualities which constitute such sublime complaisance. Witness the fragment of her letter to Hugo dated July 25, 1851, doubtless referring to some assignation arranged between the poet and one of his innamoratas, of which she chanced to see the accomplishment.</p>

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	87
<p style="text-align: center;">V</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Labours of Genius</p> <p>MEANTIME, Victor Hugo had not confined his tremendous energies altogether to love and literature. His chieftainship of the ever-expanding Romantic School was not enough for this indefatigable genius. He had been in the depths and throes of French politics for many years, first as Royalist, then as Republican, finally as an extreme, rock-ribbed Radical—stern, relentless, and unshakable.</p> <p>Louis Napoleon and Victor Hugo were elected to the Constituent Assembly at the same time, and when it was debated whether the Prince, then in London, should be admitted into France to take his seat, we find Victor Hugo voting in his favour. This was in December, 1848.</p>	<p>Manifold Employ- ments</p>

**A Rock-
ribbed
Re-
publican**

From that time to the day of his flight, in December, 1851, followed by the decree of January 9, 1852, expelling him and sixty-odd former deputies of the Legislative Assembly from French territory, the poet's political life was one of incessant and troubled endeavour. It is to the abuse hurled at the poet's head for his political activity during this period of storm and revolution; to the imprisonment of his two sons (editors of Victor Hugo's paper, the *Evénement*) for various editorial offences; to all the evil portent of the times; to the poet's ill-health and fatigue, and fits of rage and despair, that the following charming, if hysterical, letters from Madame Drouet refer in their effort to assuage the poet's grief at what he believed to be the ruin of his country. Their interest is augmented when read with knowledge of the poet's participation in the events of their time. It has not been possible within the limits of this volume to take more than a cursory glance at the poet's strenuous life in the tumult of 1848 to 1852.



An ancient house in Blois. Drawn by Hugo.

But from Juliette's letters, written during the year 1851, one sees the ardent warmth of her devotion, sees her moods of jealous concern, her doubts and fears, her hopes and prayers, for the great man fighting with battered heart and head and hands the corrupted legions of the day.

The Drouet letters herewith presented may be interpreted not only in the light of the preceding chapters, but also in the shadow of the letter from Chopin, and others from "Claire," and to the extremely pathetic note concerning Madame Hugo's final years.

**Juliette
as Scribe**

JULIETTE'S LETTERS TO VICTOR

HUGO

January 12, 1836.

Little
Intrigues

It is a long time since I have seen you. However, I should have liked to speak with you more than once. I have heard that you are taking active steps with a view to my re-engagement at the Théâtre Français. I have been told that the delay in the so necessary resumption of your play arises from the belief of the management that the interest you display in me on this occasion will prevent you from enforcing all your rights. I have also been told ~~that~~ they wish to impose, as a condition of my re-engagement, that you produce a piece this year, contrary to your interests. I have just cut short all these little intrigues. I have written to M. Jouslin that it does not appear to me convenient to enter into a re-engagement at his theatre this year. The

matter is no longer in your hands. It is I who free you and myself. You are at liberty to get your former pieces renewed and not to write a new one. Do not trouble yourself, therefore, any longer about me. Do not persist obstinately in a generosity perhaps prejudicial to your interests, which are dear to me, and to those of your family, which to me are sacred. As for me, I leave my fate in God's hands. I was the victim of an odious intrigue two years ago. It is neither your fault nor mine. I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I have not cost you any sacrifice, and will never cost you any.

Solicitude

Permit me to give you again this token of devotion, which is inviolable and profoundly disinterested.

JULIETTE.

M. VICTOR HUGO,
6, Place Royale

January 17, 1851.

Sunday evening, 10.30.

Oh! think of me, my sweet beloved, so that I may feel it and so that thy joy amid thy

Think
of Me

delightful family, thy kind friends and admirers, may not be changed into bitterness and grief for me. Think of me, of whom thou art the life and the soul. Think of my love, so profound, so pure, and so devoted, and wish I were with thee. I am going to bed praying God for thee and thine. I trust my prayers will not be fruitless, as I am asking for their happiness and thine, should it be at the cost of my own life. If you knew how I need to know that you are happy, my beloved, almost as much as to know I am loved by you! I love you, love you, love you, more than anything in the world. Enjoy your success, this evening, my Victor, your beauty, your genius, and be happy with your delightful family. I will be proud and happy myself, provided amid all this you do not forget me.

I saw M. Vilain for a moment this evening. I will tell you what he dares not ask for from you, what I promised I would ask for on his behalf, and what I know you will grant with your usual kindness. I mean a little note to

M. Cavillier to thank him for his goodness to M. Vilain. It seems that M. Cavillier would be so proud and grateful that it would fall like abundant dew in good services on M. Vilain, who, poor fellow, is in great need of assistance. It would give me also great pleasure personally, as it would be another way of repaying him for his good and pious intention as regards my poor daughter. However, if you see in it the slightest objection as regards your dignity, let me know and I will not press you any further. Above all, I do not wish to importune or compromise you. I only want to love you to my last sigh.

JULIETTE.

18th January,

10.30, Monday evening.

When I ask you so earnestly to give me all the moments you can spare, even the shortest, it is because I know, my sweet beloved, that I am asking you for my life. Whenever I am a day without seeing you, it is as if a year of my life had passed away. I

**Dew on
Dust**

94	The Romance of
<p>Love's Bell</p>	<p>cannot very well explain it to you, but my heart dies away when far from you. I do not hope to see you this evening, because of the weather, the late hour, and your <i>toilet</i>. I promise you to be very brave and resigned. For your part, my beloved, love me with all your heart and strength, as I have more need of it than ever.</p> <p>I do not wish you to be anxious as to the tender expressions that come from me whenever I part from you and when I speak of my indisposition, which, after all, is nothing. Besides, I am not afraid of death: what I fear is that you will forget me, and this would be my hell in the next world, but if I were sure of being more loved after my death, I would ask God to let me die at once. Your love is the great, the sole object of my life, the only joy and happiness of my soul. Try to come to-morrow early and stay a little with me; I have two terrible days to make up for and you are too good not to compensate me for them. I look forward to it more than you</p>



Juliette Drouet. From a drawing from life by Vilain.

can imagine. You are quite right as to Mr. Cavillier ; Fleury and Eugene recognised it at once. What you are about to do with the Duc d'Aumale is a hundred times to be preferred and I thank you for having thought of it first. All you do is good, and you always take the initiative in all generous thoughts and good deeds. You are, my Victor, kind, powerful, charming, good, noble, and sublime, so I kiss your dear little feet.

JULIETTE.

March 1st, 1851.

Thursday, 8.30 a.m.

My heart is full of you, my beloved ! I cannot go to bed without telling you of all the foolish, tender feelings that pass through my mind. Your smile awakens my love as the sunshine opens the flowers. Now my soul is like a bouquet of which your thought is the perfume. This is silly, like all I say, but that does not stop me. I am delirious with love, like others with fever. But this delirium is not painful but pleasant to me, and I try to

Your
Smile
Awakens

**Lend me
Five
Francs**

prolong it as long as possible. I am convinced I shall win the 12,000 francs * and so to-morrow I shall enquire the price of the lanterns. I will give them to you as I promised, as I will show you, when I have received my 12,000 francs.

Meanwhile, you might lend me 5 francs to buy my cornet; as then I shall be certain of not missing my 12,000 francs. In your own interest, of course, you ought to lend me this miserable sum of a hundred sous. Come. Fold a little courage with your pocket and the lanterns and the buffets are yours as a sign of my gratitude.

JULIETTE.

2nd March, 1851.

Friday morning, 8.

Good morning to thee, to you, good morning generally and individually, right and left, backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards, good morning again and again. I love

* This probably refers to a lottery.

you,—and you ? I shall suffer again unless you give me some tonic to cure me, but you do not seem to notice my existence, unless to make me *draw* all kinds of things. However, if you are good to me, I will inundate you with lanterns and coromandels, but not if you treat me like a Juju of bye-gone days. Hitherto I reckoned on the generosity natural to the stronger sex, but I see myself losing my time and I change my tactics. I now address myself to your cupidity and hope to be more successful. For an hour of love, *ready-money*, a good dinner, for a well-employed evening, breakfast with coffee and cream, a mouth of assiduity, the little mirror, for a year's happiness, uninterrupted, all the coromandels, all lace and bric-à-brac required.

JULIETTE.

2nd March, 1851.

Friday evening, 7.45.

How good you are, my charming, dear beloved, and how I thank you for having come to see me this evening ! You made me very

Moods
Capricious

Love's Extravagance

happy, my dearest Victor, and I feel sixteen years younger. So much influence has happiness on my poor organisation. My pet, be happy, for all the good you have done me. I don't know whether the coromandel affair will succeed, but I assure you I have applied to it all my intelligence and cleverness, and more ardour than if it had been for me. You should see it for yourself next Sunday and decide whether you will keep this present, if not for its beauty, at least for its associations. I can't see anything pretty without wishing you to have it, and I wish you to have this coromandel because it is admirable. Try therefore, dearest, not to let this chance slip. Think of me this evening and don't go home too late. I kiss you with all my soul and heart. I would like to kiss your hands, eyes, and lips from the beginning of the year to the end. Alas, my wish is far from being gratified every day, but I love you always.

JULIETTE.

3rd March, 1851.

Tuesday morning, 7.30.

Good morning, my poor little darling. Sleep well. I am here. I love you and I kiss your soul so as not to wake you from your dream if it is a happy one. When did you return home last night, my darling? I hope at least you had a good supper. The other time you were very badly treated. It was absurd. I don't wish you to nourish yourself in that way. I don't want you to fall ill, my dearest, the idea makes my flesh creep. I wish you to eat well and always be happy. For that purpose you must not overwork yourself. I hope when M. Vilain comes you will come here oftener. I am preparing a surprise for you for the great Gala Day. Kiss me, dearest, and try to *draw* the famous coromandel. You know I have the lanterns ready for the recesses. Kiss me for my trouble.

JULIETTE.

**Feed
Yourself**

100	The Romance of
Politics Kings Love Despair	<p data-bbox="629 278 808 303">4th March, 1851.</p> <p data-bbox="710 314 864 340">Sunday, 2 P.M.</p> <p data-bbox="277 359 891 1276"> Shall I see you to-day, my dearest? I fancy you have to go to your election meeting and then to dine this evening with King Jerome. If that is so, when shall I see you? I fully understand how impossible it is, and therefore I feel sad and impatient—not with you, my dearest, but with the hundred thousand obstacles that rise between us. Sometimes I am inclined to despair. Have you made any arrangement together? Between me and you, I think it would be very difficult to do so, owing to the too great novelty of the new service. However, that's no great evil, as we should have to mourn for the <i>Restoration</i> plates and dishes at your place, with and without the pun. Besides, I am ready to offer you the coromandel after the draw for 12,000 fr. Meanwhile I would like to draw a little love and happiness from you, which is but too difficult, as I know too well. </p> <p data-bbox="739 1291 857 1321">JULIETTE.</p>



The statue of Strasbug, Place de la Concorde, Paris, for which
Juliette Drouet sat as model.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet

101

4th March.
Sunday, 2½ P.M.

I hope, dearest, you will come either before or after dinner, but, alas, at whatever time you come now, it will be only for a while. Here is Eugene coming in and bringing me news of the arrival to-morrow of M. Vilain; if you could only let us see you a day or two, I should be very glad, but dare not hope for it. However, I love you, that is the clearest point about the matter. Let happiness come when it will, that is not my business: on the contrary, the more I interfere with you the less it comes. I should be glad to know whether you have negotiated the matter. But what exasperates me is not knowing whether I will see you to-day, when and for how long. Until then I will be the saddest Juju in the world, which will not be very difficult. You be silent, for it is your fault, and come at once: that will be much better. Kiss me and silence once again.

JULIETTE.

I Love You

30th March, 1851.

Saturday noon.

Where are you, what are you doing, what are you thinking of, my dearest? I am waiting and thinking of you always, so as not to get out of the habit of doing so. Try to come earlier so that I may see you longer. You know that I have not in the world any other joy than seeing you near me for a few moments; that I do not wish to have, nor can I have, any other. I do not complain, however, especially when you come and stay with me a little longer than five minutes at a time, my dear little beloved. I am very grateful for every instant you give me, as I know your time is taken up with your work, your political engagements, and your family affection. I quite realise the little time that remains to you and me, and am very grateful to you for giving me some of it. How are you now, dearest; has your cough gone away? Have you slept well, and did you go to bed early? Poor darling, when I think of the use you

have made of your Easter holidays, my heart is full of pity for you. Really, you exaggerate your courage and sense of duty to the point of suicide. When I see what you are doing, I admire, pity, and feel afraid of you. I fear all this courage and devotion will have to be paid for by some terrible illness. Good Heavens! what would become of me if such a misfortune were to happen? I don't like to think of it, as the very thought would drive me mad. I will hope, however, that God will take pity on you and me and will give you health and strength in proportion as you use and misuse it. In this belief I thank Him on my knees with all my soul.

JULIETTE.

Wednesday morning,
June 16th, 8.30.

Good morning, my Victor—always greater, more generous, handsome, and more beloved, good morning! And my life!—how I regret I cannot give you all my life at once in order to prove how much I love you! It grieves me to

**Easter
Holidays**

Insatiable
Woman !

think I cannot use so much love in your service, and regret God does not give me an opportunity for doing so. I am humiliated in my most holy and tender ambition. It is an injustice I will make the most of when I have to settle my accounts with Heaven. Meanwhile I must be resigned to loving you for myself alone, which only half satisfies me. I will presently come to look for you in the Chamber by the route agreed upon. I will wait for you at St. Sulpice, as I do not wish to run the risk of being told by Madame Fian what a tiresome fellow he is and how badly he sings; and besides, I am tired of those protracted and frequent stays with the best but most irritating of women. You must have water, but not too much; an excess is in everything a defect. My beloved Victor, my sublime darling, my heart is running over with love and admiration for you. I would like to kiss your poor little wounded feet.

JULIETTE.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	105
<p data-bbox="425 284 731 353" style="text-align: right;">Wednesday morning, 7.30, July 16th, 1851.</p> <p data-bbox="142 374 757 1339">Good morning, my poor darling, good morning. I am filled with dismay on seeing what dreadful weather it is, and thinking that perhaps you will speak to-day. What I feel resembles the reverent compassion and the pious pity of the Magdalen before the tortures of her adored Messiah. Everything is in league against your recovery—the weather and affairs, God and men. How will you extricate yourself from it all, my poor beloved? With care and prudence you might perhaps avoid many misfortunes; but you are so preoccupied that you cannot even think of, or try to avoid, them. I can only worry myself, pity you, love you, and suffer. I came home last night at 9.30 exactly; and though for the sake of your poor throat I hoped you would not come, I did not go to bed till eleven o'clock. I thank you, my dear pet, for having had the prudence to remain at home, and I should thank you so much the</p>	<p data-bbox="795 382 871 474" style="text-align: center;">God and Men against Them</p>

Juliette
as Boss

more if you had given up all that time to repose. But I should be very grateful if you had thought of me a little and missed me. I will soon know—but until then, what torture and impatience! Sleep as long as you can, dearest. Take a good breakfast, do not speak, and try by every means to escape the bad effects of the rain and cold. I envelop you with all tenderness, solicitude, and caresses in order to protect you from them.

JULIETTE.

Friday morning, 7.0,
July 25th, 1851.

Good morning, dear. Good morning, my beloved. Sleep on; it is not yet time to awake you. Sleep; and love me in your dreams, if you can. During that time I will love you in all reality, while looking at a faint, pale sun which does not augur anything good for the day. You would have liked to take advantage of my poor broken leg to hang me up on a nail and get rid of me for a long time;



Victor Hugo

A late portrait of the poet.

but I am not so broken down as I look, and even if I were, the last bit of me, the very smallest fragment, would run after you of its own accord. So you see you are caught, and had better make up your mind to come and see me presently.

How good you are, my Victor, and how I love you! I never weary of telling you, and the happiness I feel in telling you is as great now as at the first time. I don't wish you to go to any inconvenience, or to curtail your repose in order to please me. Yesterday you seemed tired and full of care, and I regret that you should have come to see me in that mental and physical condition, which called for rest and tranquillity. My dearly beloved, I pray you with tenderest and gentlest solicitude not to tire yourself, nor to impose on yourself any duty—not even that of loving me, if that is a *duty*. Come when you hope to find a little happiness by my side. But what I fear more than death is to think that I am thrusting myself on you.

Love
knows no
ulcary
hour

108	The Romance of
Juliette's Jealous Rage	<p data-bbox="269 264 890 355">I tell you this, dear Victor, very tenderly and disinterestedly. Do not take it amiss.</p> <p data-bbox="730 355 854 400">JULIETTE.</p> <p data-bbox="600 415 865 491">Friday evening, 10.30, July 25th.</p> <p data-bbox="269 498 890 1338">It would be foolish for me to hold you responsible for to-day's chance occurrence, and I should be afraid of offending you by supposing you capable of deceiving me after all that has taken place—after the offers I have made you, after the courage and resignation that I have displayed. However, my poor darling, I came back quite upset about that unexpected appearance at the door of the Assembly, and your eagerness to enter the interior again without telling me anything or offering any explanation, and that with the most embarrassed and confused air in the world, like a man unpleasantly surprised to meet me. What I have suffered since that moment, and what I am suffering this instant, would be your condemnation before God if you were capable of another act of treason,</p>

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	109
<p>and would draw down upon you the greatest misfortunes. It would now be more than treason; it would be sacrilege. Therefore I do not wish to believe it. I refuse to admit that semi-evidence, deny your pallor, your embarrassment, your flight. Alas, I would I could also deny my suffering, my jealousy, and my despair! My God! My God! What have I done that I should be stricken in the tenderest part of my heart? Is it a crime to love a man more than anything in the world, and to prefer him to Thee? If that is so, Thou hast punished me cruelly through my very fault; Thou hast not spared me any torture. Oh, how I wish to die! How weary I am of this love, so painfully and fruitlessly laborious! Oh, how I long for eternal rest! My God! My God! have pity on me. Let those live who find happiness in this life, and take me who am suffering.*</p> <p style="text-align: right;">JULIETTE.</p> <p>* See note to letter signed Claire, page 143.</p>	<p>Victor the Fickle</p>

Sunday evening, 10.30,
July 27th, 1851.

All's
Well
Again

It is hardly probable that you will be able to come this evening, my poor darling, so that as soon as I have finished this last scrawl I shall go to bed to try and sleep—which for two nights I have not been able to do. Thanks for your kindness and the pleasant afternoon we spent together to-day. I hope to succeed in sleeping. Do not go to bed too late, dearest. Sleep well; and think of me with love, if you can. That will, perhaps, not be difficult—at least as regards your rest and sleep, as you have not the same causes as I for struggling against insomnia and the thousand tortures of jealousy, past, present, and future. I wish you would permit me not to write to you for a time, because in spite of myself I recur to my fixed idea, and indulge perpetually in the same talk for which you have had the utmost patience and pity. Shall I? What do you say, my pet? You cannot really care for lines without wit, reason, joy, or courage. It is quite

enough to impose on you my sad and wretched self. Perhaps, by dint of inertia and mental and physical prostration, I will at last forget everything. I will leave off for some time, and then if I feel still more unhappy than before, I will ask your permission to resume this puerile habit, which was for a long time my greatest happiness.

JULIETTE.

July 29, 1851.

Thursday morning, 7.45.

. . . You know, my dearest, that I shall be alone after noon. . . . I only wish to remind you that it is Juliette's birthday, and that it would be very pleasant for me if I could spend a tiny bit of it in your dear arms. I do not add anything further now to this hint which, however, you must not read till your last lamp has been extinguished and you are left with nought but your night-light. Then, at that moment, my beloved, I would ask you to send me the tenderest kiss you can, so that it may come to me in a dream in your dear

Writing
a Puerile
Habit

Forgiven

shape, and keep me sweet company until morning. Meanwhile, I expect you. I hope I shall not have long to wait, and then I shall spend all my day with you.

31st July, 1851.

Thursday evening, 9 o'clock.

I return to you, my beloved, with that confidence and ardour that springs from mutual love; without any rancour for the past or anxiety for the future, with the sweet and delightful cohort of my illusions, with all my strength and all my soul, therefore be forewarned! I shall not speak to you again of what I suffered, but I will remember throughout eternity your ineffable kindness and divine meekness. I no longer see your fault but only feel your love. I will not ask whether my image on your heart is mutilated, but I know that on mine you are complete, very living, beautiful, great, and sublime. I know not whether my happiness will ever resume its first form, but I am certain that I have no other belief, nor any other divinity than you.



The room in which Hugo died.

All the despair that has shaken my heart during the last month has not shaken from it that marvellous fruit of love, enlarged and ripened by all the sap of my admiration for you for nearly nineteen years. I feel its roots deeper and more living than ever in the middle of my heart, and even my tears, far from injuring them, have revived them like refreshing rain.

JULIETTE.

31st July, 1851.

Thursday evening, 9½

DEAREST,

I write to you at random without false shame for my ignorance and stupidity which I am not to blame for. You were right, beloved, in foreseeing that Charles* would find it hard to part from home, but I trust this separation from the happiness of the hearth will seem to him less unendurable when you have been to see him, to arrange with him the

* Hugo's son, imprisoned for editorial offences in the *Evénement*.

Charles
Hugo in
Prison

**I Pray
for You**

use of his time, and to keep him from brooding over his troubles.

To-morrow I will be ready at 12.30 A.M., as you told me through Vilain. Till then, my poor darling, do not worry yourself about your son; don't go to bed too late. Think of me and love me so that nothing may come to disturb the sweet confidence in which I have lately been living. You were right not to tire yourself by coming this evening. I thank you for it with gratitude, tenderness, and love. I am glad to make this sacrifice to your rest and health. Sleep well, my Victor, my life, my joy, my soul, and have no fear about Charles. I will watch over him and over you. I pray for you and bless you.

JULIETTE.

31st July, 1851.

Thursday evening, 11.00.

One more letter, my dear little pet, and then I will go to bed hoping to dream of you. You should do the same, so that our two

souls, relieved of the inconvenient trammels of the body, may, during sleep, mingle together in dreams. Poor darling! I fear you are sad and that your anxiety as to Charles will deprive you of sleep. I wish it were already morning, to know how he is and what he said to you. Good heavens! what a stupid and monstrous persecution against this noble and generous young man! The more one thinks of it, the less one understands this hideous cynicism and cowardly vengeance, more stupid than ferocious, in spite of their willingness to do evil. Do not worry yourself, especially just now, when too much fatigue and want of sleep may greatly prejudice your speedy recovery. I will give you a good example by going to bed at once. Good-night, my true beloved, good-night. Do not regret having been good, patient, and tender to me, as you have been during the last month. I will reward you for it with a love great enough to make even *le bon Dieu* Himself jealous. I

~~Flesh-~~
~~Encum-~~
~~bered~~
Souls

Only He

close your eyes with two big kisses in lieu of bolts. Until to-morrow.

JULIETTE.

1st August, 1851.

Friday morning, 8.30.

Good-morning, my sweet beloved, good-morning. How have you passed the night? Better than yesterday, I hope. I fell asleep saying: *My God, make him love me*, and woke up saying: *Make him love me only*. You know if my prayer is granted. As for me, I love you as much as if I were sure of it. I smile on you and am calm and trusting. I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing your dear son.

I know you will tell him what kind of life to follow during his absurd and iniquitous banishment in order to prevent his being home-sick and that he will soon recover his good spirits. You, my little darling, will be less worried when you have settled as regards your son. Probably you will spend all day with him and that I shall only see you on the

way. That is very little for the insatiable needs of my love, but enough for my happiness if you love me as I do you. Vilain is going to see Charles and stay with him as long as possible. I told him to ask Charles when he could see me, so as not to disturb him. I hope that my visits, which will only last a few minutes, will not inconvenience him nor cause him to regret having consented to see me. There is quite a programme to be made, in which I should like a little place, in order to cause him to forget his troubles all the time he remains in this dismal prison. I hope your visit to-day will completely alter the formalities to be observed as to your dear son with the idea of annoying him. They are wicked and spiteful, but still more cowardly, and will not dare to face your indignation. I am full of confidence in the effect of your presence. Meanwhile I love you on my knees.

JULIETTE.

Persecution

118	The Romance of
Neurosis	<p data-bbox="653 273 860 338" style="text-align: right;">1st August, 1851. Friday morning.</p> <p data-bbox="275 364 601 394">MY DEAR LITTLE DARLING,</p> <p data-bbox="275 409 891 1332">I am still very brave and reasonable. I point this out to you because I know you attach great importance to my not suffering. I do my best to support your intentions, which are so generous and tender. I should have liked to give up writing to you for some time for reasons concerning my health, in order to spare your being a witness of my mental convalescence. You would not agree to that, but I hope that your temerity will not be unfavourable to us and that I shall continue to be strong, trusting, and resigned, as I was yesterday. I do not wish to torture you, to have my sadness cause you any remorse. I wish to spare you the shadow of a reproach by hiding from you the shadow of a regret. I wish to smile on you, so that you may be tranquil; I want everything that will give you health and happiness. Therefore, I repeat that I should have wished to suppress for a</p>

time this formless scribble, the photograph of my thoughts and my love. I could not help yielding to your wish, but I think I was imprudent in doing so. I don't say this as regards this morning, being now in perfect health in mind and body, but when I am ill again, I hope you will allow me not to mention it. I wish as much as I love you that I shall avoid it, and shall resist it with all my strength, but I wish in any event that you may not be a witness or become informed of it by any sign. My poor, dear darling, I wish you to be, as far as I am concerned, the most tranquil, the most respected, and the most beloved of all men.

JULIETTE.

1st August, 1851.

Friday morning, 9 o'clock.

My thoughts fly to you and your son, wondering how both of you have passed the night. I fear your anxiety may have deprived you of sleep as the mattress and dirty sheets deprived Charles of rest, as he complained

**Prison
Comforts**

Love In-
adequate

yesterday. If that were the only thing that prevented him from sleeping, it would be easy to get him good sleep by sending him a good bed, but for you, my sweet beloved, it would not be so easy to obtain rest. I foresee that you will be more worried and fatigued than ever. Whatever my love can do to avoid any trouble for you, I will do it, my darling, whenever that is possible, but I very much fear that I cannot preserve you from very much. I am so conscious of my inutility. Besides, you know that I do not deceive myself with the idea of being of any use to you in this world. Heaven knows I am not wanting in willingness, devotion, and love ; unfortunately these are not enough, because 'until now I have not been able to utilise them at the proper time.' It is sad. Even the weather seems to conspire with the reactionary party to prevent your recovery. But it will not succeed more than they, and you will get well in spite of all. As for me, my dearest, I will surround you with so much



The monument to Hugo, by Barrias, Avenue Victor Hugo, Paris.

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	121
<p>tenderness, serenity, and tranquillity that you will finally be calm amid all the agitation of your life and tumults of your heart. I will labour with all my strength to that end.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">JULIETTE.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">1st August. Friday evening, 8.30.</p> <p>I did not go to Sablonville, my darling, I did not have any wish to do so, and this evening I would not even stay to dinner with Louise in spite of her pressing invitation. I met your son Victor who was coming back in a carriage with a gentleman. It was then five minutes to five. I came home so as to think of you in silence and solitude. Just now I noticed a few drops of rain were falling, which no doubt will prevent you from coming this evening. You will do well, my darling, not to expose yourself to the wet. I hope V. will come and tell how you are, and also your Charles. Meanwhile I console myself with the idea that if I lose your company now, I shall soon see you.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">JULIETTE.</p>	<p>Silence and Solitude</p>

The Romance of

Juliette's
Food
Lecture

Wednesday morning, 7.30,
August 6th, 1851.

Good-morning, my more than well beloved.
Good-morning. I adore you. I hope this weather is just what you like. If it could last like this all the autumn, and if you did not work too much, no doubt you would be quite cured before winter.

How good you were to come back last night, but how imprudent you are to go without food so long! You take an unfair advantage of the patience of your stomach, as you have done of the strength of your legs. But you see now that you cannot do so with impunity, and that ought to serve as a lesson to you in other things.

My dear pet, my solicitude is like my love, expressed over and over again; but I am so unhappy when you are ill, and I love you so much, that it is very difficult for me to speak and think of anything but what will preserve your health and keep your heart for me. I should have desired not to have lost a bit of

you to-day, and to have been able to accompany you to your son's place and to the Assembly; but you are so uncertain of what you will do, and what time you will come out, that I am compelled to remain at home and await all those good people, who will probably be extremely punctual. But I hope to make up for it this evening, especially if you can come by the 5.30 train. Unfortunately that is hardly probable on account of the questions in the Chamber, and the imminent prorogation. I will hope for a double and treble supply of happiness in order to carry it in my eyes, in my soul, on my lips—everywhere where there is room for it.

JULIETTE.

19th September, 1851.

Friday evening, 7.30.

I have just burnt the three letters I wrote to you to-day, my beloved darling, so that you may not know how far my folly and discouragement extend since I parted from you. This depression extends to my body, the life

**Happiness
in Her
Eyes**

**Foretaste
of Death**

of which seems to recede as soon as your eyes no longer animate mine; when your breath is no longer felt on my lips, when your kisses no longer make my heart beat fast. This foretaste of death passes away as soon as I see you, and I recover under all the joyful promises of your smile, all the tender hopes of your caresses, all the allusion and seductiveness of your words. Hence, I have thought, my poor darling, that it would be better to abstain from these daily bulletins, which have the grave objection of causing you to witness all the oscillations of my unreasonable mind, all the crises of my jealousy and depression, for it is sufficient to see your sweet self to calm and drive away these feelings. This is not the first time I have suggested this. Think it over and come to a decision. I will obey you with adoration.

JULIETTE.

19th September, 1851.

Friday evening, 8.

I feel happy enough this evening to write twice my usual pages of scribble and I do not await your decision before indulging myself in writing to my heart's content. It would be quite soon enough to refrain, if I had not seen you again this evening and my night were to pass in long insomnia and dark dreams. I am sorry I did not accept the proposal you made just now for the reason that *a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush*, but I was so sad and depressed when you came in that it seemed to me that I should never again have the strength to be happy, but as soon as you touched the ends of my fingers and placed lips on mine my life came back with the energy of love and the need of happiness. But this sudden transition did not add another hour to the too brief time we had before us to put your delightful project into effect, I mean the excursion and walk. I had therefore to resign myself to postponing it, at my risk and peril, and trust

**Furore
Scribendi**

Sympathy

in your promise, hoping you will carry it out as soon as possible and for a long period. Until then, my beloved, I shall think I was wrong in not seizing the opportunity when it came.

JULIETTE.

19th September, 1851.

Friday evening, 11.30.

Not a day goes by now, my poor darling, without bringing some new violence against thee and thine. It is enough to make one's blood boil, and to excite the indignation of all good people. Don't fear that they can shake me, my beloved, for my courage flows all the more with their persecution against you. I will be worthy of you and no human power can lessen my devotion, and no danger can make my love afraid. What I felt just now was not weakness or fear, but indignation and disgust against those mean, cowardly, and vile persons who are so ferocious and violent. Whenever they have brutal force they could have no other, nature having denied them

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<p>greatness of mind. Let me pour out my indignation, my darling, against these infamous scoundrels who have the audacity to attack you, the noblest, most generous, greatest, most devoted and disinterested of men. Having given vent to my anger, there only remains my admiration for you, my tenderness and love, all that makes the heart great, good and happy. Good night, beloved; go to bed as soon as possible and enjoy the sweetest sleep, lulled by my good wishes.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">JULIETTE.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">20th September, 1851. Saturday morning, 8.30.</p> <p>Good-morning, my beloved, good-morning. Sleep well. I love you. I have just passed under your windows for the second time. They were hermetically closed, which makes me think you are still sleeping and regaining your health and strength, which you will need more than ever at the present time of savage reaction. I will not ask when I can see you, as I know you do not belong to yourself; but</p>	<p>Indignation</p>

Love's De-
pendence

I cannot help hoping it will be soon. If you knew how the sight of you is so necessary to my life, my poor beloved, you would understand how I long for the least moment you can spare out of your ties of family affection, political duties, and your other work. Now to all these occupations is added the persecution of this stupid government. Where will it stop? On whom will they inflict a further iniquity? But I promise you that whatever happens, I will never fail in courage, love, and devotion towards you. I should be too glad to die if I could spare you any pain or trouble, as I love you and your worthy and noble family also.

JULIETTE.

20th September, 1851.

Saturday afternoon, 4.30,

Be tranquil, my beloved, as it is I alone you love. I will not let anything shake my trust and confidence in you, whatever appearances and ambuscades may arise against us. I cannot live any longer without the thought that

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<p>you prefer me to all others; that I am the life of your life and soul of your soul, as you are my soul and life. But now, beloved, that we have exchanged these holy promises of love and fidelity and confidence, I implore you to think only of yourself and your dear family, which is mine also through the devotion I feel for them and the reverent affection with which they inspire me. God in His justice and mercy has left me no other duty than to serve you all until death.</p> <p>My love will give me greater strength to triumph over all the misfortunes that may befall you. Be tranquil, noble persecuted ones, fear nothing my great beloved, my heart is a good shield, proof against all wickedness, all vindictiveness, and all dangers. If I pray God to turn them away from you, it is not to be sparing of my devotion, which is as inexhaustible as my love, but in order to spare you this monstrous ingratitude, which would cause even the heart of God to bleed, as in the time of Judas.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">JULIETTE.</p>	<p>Holy Promises</p>

Love
Looks in
at the
Window

7th October, 1851.

Tuesday evening, 9.30.

DEAR ADORED BELOVED,

You think, perhaps, that it is enough for you to leave me for me to resign myself never to see you again? Well, you are much mistaken, for as soon as I lose touch with your dear little body, my mind and soul follow you in spite of space and distance. This evening, just now, I stayed under your windows all the time I saw any light in your room. I saw you close the blinds and read by your candle. What were you reading? Letters, probably. I should have liked to double my personality so as to read them over your shoulder, not out of indiscreet curiosity,*but through love's jealousy. As long as my hand no longer feels the trembling of thine, as soon as my eyes no longer gaze into thine, when my lips cease to feel thy breath, all my doubts, my anguish, rush back together and I feel my heart dying away as if my life were passing away from me. However,

Resmonis courait cherchant pratique;
de plaisir il était marchand.

Pour achalandes sa Boutique;
partout il s'en allait criant :

Dans la saison d'aimer, de plaire,
regalez-vous, il faut jouir.

Et venez l'enfant de Cythere,
Mes Dames, voilà le plaisir { bon
regalez vous, Mes Dames, voilà le
plaisir. —

Le temps s'envole, et l'on se trace
l'ait Beauté, jeunesse et Désir.

Comme un éclair le plaisir passe,
au passage il faut le saisir,

Vous dont le sein déjà palpites,
regalez-vous: pourquoi rougir?

Et ce plaisir d'autrui vous invite.

Mes Dames voilà le plaisir. { bis

regalez vous, Mes Dames, voilà
le plaisir.

Ne sçavez-vous pas que
la dévotion est la plus sûre
Vraie jalouse ^{troupe} braver la colère
redonne un air plus doux et abaisse
par un peu de conquiescence
sans cesse courtes le désir
de la gloire de la vie
Mesdames voilà le plaisir sçis.
Regalez vous, Mesdames, de la
le plaisir.

Mesdames, c'est le mystère
à l'édification du rendez-vous.
Ne sçavez-vous pas que
de la gloire de la vie
N'est-ce le désir que le plaisir
tout de même sçis
qu'il sçis sçis sçis sçis
sçis vous en point de plaisir sçis
Regalez vous, Mesdames, de la
plaisir.

it is not after the two nice evenings you gave me a day ago that I can doubt your tenderness and kindness to me; therefore I do not doubt, I have never doubted, but . . . I love you too well, and it is in love, above all, that excess *is a defect*. I know it without being able or wishing to correct myself of it.

JULIETTE.

7th October, 1851.

Tuesday evening, 10.45.

DEAR LITTLE PET,

It is probable that you are going to bed now and I send you a nice little good-night full of sweet rest and delightful dreams. Make the best of your night's rest and try to come as early as possible to-morrow so that we may be longer together. The two lovely evenings we lately passed together awakened all the vivid sensations of your by-gone happiness. It seems to me as if all these joys, all these delights and ecstasy were felt by me for the first time and that to-day is the day following the 17th February, 1833.

Love's
Defect

**Fond
Illusions**

It is an illusion that is left for me alone, but it is none the less dear and I would like to prolong it during each hour of the years of my life. My Victor, until to-morrow, but till then, think of me, regret my absence, long for me, and love me a little. I will repay you for it a hundredfold now and in eternity. I love thee!

JULIETTE.

17th October, 1851.

Friday morning, 7 o'clock.

Good-morning, my poor darling, and happiness for you if my prayer is granted. I have spent more than two-thirds of the night seeking for some means to make you happy. I do not know if I have found it; but I am sure of the sincerity of my devotion as I am sure I love you more than my life. Do not hesitate therefore to use it for your happiness, my poor darling, as I swear by all that is sacred in heaven and on the earth that whatever use you make of it, I will resign myself to it and bless you. The only thing that might impel

me to the saddest extremity would be your treachery—but that is no longer possible. Do not be surprised or sorry at my being so anxious to see you happy, my dear beloved, and that I would like to secure your happiness at all costs and sacrifices.

If you knew how and how much I love you, you would understand that there is nothing else in the world, so that if I thought you were unhappy and missed with regret somebody or something, my life would be a fruitless martyrdom without any compensation. Think of that, dear beloved, and try to be as happy as possible, so that the reflection of your happiness may reach my soul and completely satisfy it.

JULIETTE.

19th October, 1851.
Sunday morning, 4.00.

My nights are all alike, one after the other, my poor beloved. Once the first sleep is over, it is impossible for me to sleep again. If these sleepless nights had no other incon-

**Love, the
Tyrant**

**Rights
of Doubt**

venience than to keep my eyes open and cause me to turn twenty times a minute, I would not trouble you about them, but the nightmare that oppresses me when awake does not go away with daylight. I must explain the cause, so that you may not be anxious about it. I am convinced that if you do not deceive me and love me only as I do you and as I need to be loved, all this agitation will vanish and give way to the most perfect calm and happiness. I am sure that if you deceive me in anything, I shall not be able to escape the sad fate by which I am threatened. I am so certain of what will happen in such a case that I would not make any resistance, or either hasten or retard one of the results I foresee. Besides, I think we are approaching a crisis, as it seems to me impossible that this state of things can be indefinitely prolonged, whatever our courage, patience, generosity, and resignation. Something definite must at last spring from this long and cruel trial which has now lasted

nearly four months. Heaven knows how I hope for it.

JULIETTE.

19th October, 1851.
Sunday morning, 7.00.

Good-morning, my Victor, good-morning. I have just got up, rather more tired than when I went to bed; this is owing to the terrible night I have gone through. Perhaps the occupation and amusements of the day will take away this physical and mental agitation caused by insomnia. However, my poor Victor, I cannot conceal that I am in a highly nervous condition and I appeal to you to calm it. You must understand I cannot continue to pass my life in grasping at an illusive hope which falls back like a heavy stone on my heart and crushes it. I do not reproach you, for I admit that all you do so uselessly to delude me springs from a deeply generous and devoted feeling, but as my heart is not thereby deceived, what is the use of all these precautions and hesitations? I do not want them,

**A Blighted
Morning**

Hysteria

for far from calming me, they make my despair more painful and violent. My poor beloved, my head is burning, and my thoughts are thereby affected. I do not wish to frighten you, but I think it is better to show you into what a condition I have been brought by a state of things which has become unbearable and more and more impossible for me to endure every day. I implore you to come to a decision that will restore tranquillity to your

JULIETTE.

19th October, 1851.
Sunday evening, 8.00.

It is over. I am no longer foolish. I love you, believe in you. All the rest is nothing, provided you love me and love no other. My Victor, my sweet beloved, don't be frightened at this long and cruel crisis, which will be the last, if you will not take away your confidence from me. You will see how my heart will again live and love. But for that it is necessary to tell me everything and

conceal nothing, not even the *hole in the chimneypiece* through which my love might fly away and never return. My Victor, my dear beloved, do not withdraw anything of that which you have granted me, if you have any regard for your eternal repose, if you have a thought for my soul. Remember my happiness and life depend on your complete and absolute sincerity. For my part, my darling, I promise you to be very reasonable, confiding, and brave, and I will keep my promise. All around I feel the love, solicitude, and admiration I have for you.

JULIETTE.

4th November, 1851.

Tuesday morning, 8 o'clock.

Good-morning, my sweet beloved, good-morning, best and most loved of men. I endeavour to please you, my Victor, I wish to obey you in everything, but my nature does not obey with docility the wishes of my heart. My efforts are in vain, it resists me with inflexible obstinacy. Therefore I implore

Autumn
Tears

In Melan-
choly
Mood

you not to pay any more attention to it and to keep account of my efforts and good-will alone. I think with deep sorrow that from to-day our happy time is finished. When will it come again? It is difficult to foresee, owing to politics and the events which are impending.

The greatness and importance of your duties will prevent you from thinking of and missing with regret the sweet moments we used to spend together; but I, whose only occupation in the world is to love you, will be very lonely, useless, and sad from to-day. However, my sweet beloved, I promise you to have courage and resignation. I promise you this, so as not to add to your cares and anxieties, any concern as to my unavoidable sadness. Victor, my beloved, do not ask me to pretend to be happy and cheerful. Let me be calm and tranquil in this life bereft of love and happiness. That is all that my reason, united with my courage and resignation, is capable of. I know you will be pleased with

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<p>me if you will indulge me a little on this point. I love you, my Victor. You will know that still better later on.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">JULIETTE.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">4th November, 1851. Tuesday morning, 10.00.</p> <p>MY BELOVED,</p> <p>When you speak to me with so much sweetness and kindness I feel tempted to turn round and ask to whom such ineffable tenderness is shown, so incredulous and wild has my poor heart become during the last four months. But, when I see you smiling so kindly and talking with such patience and gentleness on all that may console me and give me hope, my confidence gains the upper hand and I abandon myself with wild joy to the happiness of having found you again entirely and for ever. Unfortunately you are not always here and will be here less than ever, and I fear my solitude before it comes. Not only shall I be alone but you will be away, which is to me</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">The Power of Gentleness</p>

**Bald
Orators**

like a foretaste of death. I implore you, my too well-beloved Victor, to let me see you whenever you can, be it only for a few minutes. I ask this for your own peace of mind, as you are so solicitous of my happiness. If you could manage to let me attend the meetings every evening, I should be the happiest of women, notwithstanding the more or less bald orators. I would see you and go with you as far as the Conciergerie on coming out, and would return home contented and happy. Is there really no way of giving me this happiness? You have always said No, but circumstances change and therefore I beg you again to consider whether you could alter your decision and give me this delightful pleasure.

JULIETTE.

FROM AN UNKNOWN LADY TO VICTOR
HUGO

October 19th, 1851.

It seems to me, my dear poet, that you are somewhat forgetful of me. I say that it seems to be so, as I am not quite sure, and hope it is not so. In any event, I think of you often. I ardently wish to see you again, and do all I can that it may be as soon as possible. It is only thus that I can *prove* I think of you. Will you be engaged next Saturday? If not (as I hope), we could see each other like last time. You will think, perhaps, that is very soon; but I find it a very long time. It is because I admire and love you so much. Every word, every line, every verse by you I read (and I read them almost all day long) increases my admiration for my poet. Imagine then how slow time is while you are away from

A
Rencontres
vous

Those
Promised
Verses,
Please

me! What reason have you for thinking of me? Not one, unfortunately, except that I love you so much. That is my only merit. You think me pretty, you told me; but there are so many girls as pretty or prettier than I, though not one who could admire you more than I do. Of that I am certain. Well, I hope you will be kind enough to come on Saturday; besides, you promised to come. There is another promise I must remind you of—the verses. They are certainly due to me, and I rely on receiving them. Could you come a little earlier than last time?—between a quarter to two and two o'clock. If you think it safer not to enter the church, do not alight from the vehicle. I will look out for you and join you. If you should be unable to come on Saturday send me the blank letter (I should like it better were it not so) as soon as possible, and I will immediately appoint some other day. Sometimes I am afraid I am doing wrong in seeing you like this, unknown to my family; but probably I should not be

allowed to see you, and I *do* want to ; so that it is you, my poet, whom I trust. I come to you as to my beloved poet in whom I have as much faith as in God, whatever people may say. If you love me ever so little you will not take advantage of the entire trust of a girl of seventeen, whose only fault is to love you too much—that is, according to what people say; for you know well I think one can never love you too much, and that in any case it can never be wrong to do so. Adieu, my poet, until Saturday.

YOUR CLAIRE.*

* The young lady whose rendezvous with the poet at the door of the Assembly on July 25, 1851, excited the jealousy of Juliette Drouet. See the latter's impassioned remonstrance in her letter to Victor Hugo of the same day, p. 108.

Love, Her
Only Fault

The
Dream of
Claire

CLAIRE TO VICTOR HUGO.

22d November, 1851.

Saturday.

If I were to tell you, my beloved, that since Wednesday I have thought only of you, perhaps you would not believe me; perhaps, but it is the exact truth. I think of you, nothing but you. If I wished to get rid of this thought I don't think I could do so. I say I don't think, but I have not tried to do so nor ever will. I am so happy when I think of you. To read your verses and think of you is my only happiness. And see, you occupy my thoughts so much that I not only think of you by day but dream of you at night. I am very glad it is so, and hope you also think of me a little, a little or much or even *too much*. Everything passed off well Wednesday. They did not send to look for me, and on my re-

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<p>turn in time I thought of doing the same thing again. In a fortnight, I hope, I will see you again, and this thought makes me very happy. You told me, my poet, that when you are with me you lose your memory. Well, it's exactly the same with me. I only think of looking at you and listening to your voice; I forget what I wanted to ask, say to you. I do not even tell you how much I admire you, how much I love you, how often I think of you. But you know that very well, don't you? and then, when I am no longer with you, my memory comes back. I see all I forgot and say I was very stupid that I did not profit by the time I had spent with you; but it is then too late, and another time it will be the same. For example: On Wednesday I forgot among a lot of other things, two rather important ones, and I will repair the omission. First, you asked me whether I had my portrait, and I did not remember that uncle had had us all photographed. It is ugly, but it must be admitted there is a likeness. I have</p>	<p>Love's In- torication</p>

Love
Seeks a
New View

asked my uncle for the best one that is left and will bring it to you when I come to see you, too happy if it gives you the least pleasure. At first I thought of surprising you with it, but that is not a good idea. That is my first omission, now for the second. You told me you would get me tickets for the Chamber of Deputies, and I thought I had told you on what day. If it is an interesting sitting, I could always find someone to take me there, but if it is going to be quiet, it must be on a day when my uncle is disengaged so as to take me; he is only free on Wednesdays and Thursdays. As I am going to the Chamber only to see you, I care little for fine speeches, so if you could send me tickets for Wednesday or Thursday next we should go, and I should be very glad to see you. You see, my dear poet, I have been very forgetful, but it is not my fault, but yours. I ask you to love and think of your

CLAIRE.

Of Victor Hugo's inconstancy to Adèle, his wife, to Juliette, his mistress, to Claire, his later fancy, or to any of his other fitful attachments, it is not my purpose to write, except that I point out one flagrant peccadillo to show the benign, the unexampled abnegation of Madame Hugo during all the term of her wifely devotion to the man whose genius—in her fond eyes—absolved his every weakness.

Chopin, writing to his sister on July 20, 1845, relates among other items of Paris gossip:

“What shall I tell you of Paris? Albert [Albert Grzymala, a Polish *émigré*, a friend of Chopin] only tells me what the newspapers had related, without giving names, of the adventure that happened a few days ago to Victor Hugo. M. Billard, a not very celebrated historical painter, very ugly, had a pretty wife. . . . M. Billard surprised them. . . . Victor Hugo was compelled to show to the person who wanted to arrest

Chopin's
Gossip of
Hugo's
Error

148	The Romance of
A Fugitive Poet	<p>him his medal of a French peer, so that he might be left temporarily in peace. . . . Hugo has gone away to travel for a few months. <i>Madame</i> Hugo (very magnanimously) <i>has taken Madame Billard under her protection!</i> and Juliette, that actress of the Porte Saint Martin, famous about ten years ago, who has been under Hugo's protection for a long time, in spite of <i>Madame</i> Hugo, his children, and his poetry as to family morality, this Juliette, I repeat, has gone away with him."*</p> <p>It was <i>Madame</i> Hugo's magnanimous conduct on this occasion that prevented a duel and a public scandal. There had not long afterward come a day when, with her tacit consent, the poet had publicly two homes—Hauteville House, where he took his breakfast with his wife, and the little house near by, called "The Friends," where he generally dined with <i>Madame</i> Drouet, often with his sons, and friends who might be visiting him</p> <p>* "Chopin's Unpublished Souvenirs," <i>Temps</i>, Jan. 28, 1903.</p>

Victor Hugo and Mme. Drouet	149
<p>from France. The latter would generally pay their respects to Madame Hugo first, then pass on down the street to the livelier social condition of Madame Drouet's <i>petit salon</i>.</p> <p>I borrow the following pathetic picture from M. Asseline:</p> <p>"I went one autumn day into Madame Victor Hugo's drawing-room at Hauteville House and found her alone, sunk in sad thoughts, and lying back seemingly exhausted. Her eyes had already grown very weak, and she could not see how painfully I was impressed at finding her so poorly. 'You are not to dine with me to-day,' she said. 'And why?' 'Our gentlemen have organised a little merry-making at Madame Drouet's and they are expecting you.' 'But I prefer dining with you; I shall certainly not leave you alone.' 'No, I shall dine with my sister; and really I shall take it ill if you stay. I insist on your going to Madame Drouet's. It will please my husband. There are few opportunities of pleasure-making here. I repeat that you are</p>	<p>Madame Hugo's Resig- nation</p>

**A
Pathetic
Picture**

expected. Go, you will laugh and the time will pass gaily.' I looked at my cousin as she sat in the shadow of the great curtains with their heavy folds. Her forehead was of marble, her lips without colour, her eyes almost lifeless. Then I drew my arm-chair nearer to hers and we lost ourselves in endless talk. . . . The day was waning. We exchanged no thoughts that were not of sadness. 'Go, go,' she said, at last; 'you would only make me cry!' I took a few steps towards the door. She called me back. 'You will write down for me that fine passage of verse you were quoting a moment ago:

" ' Time, the old god, invests all things with honour
And makes them white.

•

And now be quick and join your cousins; don't keep them waiting.' "

Three years thereafter (in 1868) Madame Hugo died. Juliette Drouet died on May 11, 1883, and is buried in the old cemetery at Saint-Mande. Three months previous to her

death, Victor Hugo wrote in the *Livre de l'Anniversaire* the following lines:

“ Yes, this book contains my life and thine. In writing in this book, it seems to me I am adding sacred hours to our sweet hours, and eternity to our existence. . . . I love thee is the great word. God said it to the creation, the creation repeats it to Him. I love thee, my beloved angel. Let us commence the fiftieth year with that divine word: I love thee ! ”

And this sweetheart of fifty years, this beloved embodiment of the poet's human ideal, whose charms so long enslaved him, this beautiful, magnetic friend of that great Frenchman whom the world has enshrined, lies in an unmarked grave under two flat stones ! And in curious agreement with this rude fact is the other fact that, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the museums of France and England contain only one portrait of Juliette Drouet, and that a poor one, by Victor Vilain, —an engraving in a book published at Paris

Love's
Fiftieth
Anniv-
ersary

Finis

in 1883 entitled *Le Livre d'Or de Victor Hugo*. What a jealous and effectual suppression of the face that Victor Hugo loved ! Can it be that Victor Hugo deliberately suppressed Juliette Drouet's portrait in the same way, and from similar motives, in which the Nelson family endeavoured (ineffectually) to suppress the portrait of Lady Hamilton ? *

* The original Drouet letters and François Hugo's journal are the property of Mr. W. A. Luff, St. Peter Port, Guernsey, to whom I am indebted for their use in this volume.



